NEW MASSES

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# HOW THE RED ARMY'S DOING IT

BY COLONEL T.

# LATIN AMERICA LOOKS AT US

## LOMBARDO TOLEDANO, INTERVIEWED IN MEXICO CITY, OFFERS A PROGRAM FOR A PERMANENT GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY

BY JOHN STUART

## THE SAFE SQUATTER

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER REVIEWS ALFRED KAZIN'S "ON NATIVE GROUNDS"

***Also in This Issue:*** *Ruth McKenney, Rockwell Kent, Claude Cockburn, Bruce Minton, Tom Cullen, Joy Davidman.*

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# BALLOT FOR AMERICANS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I have a big debt to pay." That line appears in one of the most moving articles we have ever run. It is on Page 3 of this issue. It was written by a young Vermonter who was just about to go into the airforce. No need to say anything further about his piece here: read it for yourself.

Last week we told you of a seaman on the perilous trip across the Atlantic who remembered the magazine, thought so much of it that he put NM in his will in case he doesn't return. For the past month we have told you how readers of NM feel about your magazine. I believe further testimony on this score is unnecessary. I know you agree with these men.

But I believe it is quite possible you do not fully appreciate the hazard to NM in the event you don't respond *immediately* to its current financial appeals. As we have explained, the margin between existence and extinction in a magazine like this is a narrow one. It is bridged only by your contributions. You have always seen to it that that margin was covered. We want to urge you to the realization that this year will be more difficult than any hitherto. Publishing costs, as you know, are higher than ever—as living costs are in your own household. NM has cut its expenses to the bone, operates on a narrower margin necessarily, than any other publication. But that margin *must* be covered—and there is no time to lose. We must raise $40,000 in this drive—and the creditors are already clamoring.

In other words you are asked to vote upon the future of NM. The ballot reads, "Shall NM live and fight to make 1943 a year of victory?" Below is the ballot. Mail your vote so that it can be counted at once.

**YES**

$_____ is enclosed as my initial contribution.

IN ADDITION, I want to pledge

$_____ so that NEW MASSES can fully cover its planned budget.

My pledge dates are_____

NAME_____

STREET & NUMBER_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

**NO**

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# ON THE EVE OF BATTLE

*"Who could fail," the Vermonter writes, "with the cause of millions in his heart, and their gun slung over his shoulder?" A young farmer tells how they have been waging war in his state.*

THERE is a fierce wind cutting the eaves of this warm room. It is New Year's eve. We have not gone out because the nearest movie is six miles away. The roads are slick with ice, and the snow is drifting. Our friends are not here because they, too, are conserving gas.

I have just finished reading the last issue of NEW MASSES. The letter from the Soviet guerrilla, Ruth McKenney's reply, and that of Joseph North, too, fill me with a warm pride, unlike the cold of our winter landscape. Like that Soviet fighter, I have a big debt to pay. It is to you, the editors of NM. Not for a package, received in battle, but for your magazine, and its great value to me.

I want you, fighters on the home front, to know what your magazine has meant to me. Before I leave for the army early next month, I want to tell you what you have done toward making another anti-fascist fighter.

We live on a farm, in a beautiful valley, about a mile from a small town. My father is a fruit grower. It is a small valley, scattered with red barns, white houses, and patches of trees. In summer there are cattle in the meadows. Today the lines of fruit trees trace gaunt shadows on the snow of the hillsides. We are surrounded by mountains. The sun rises late now, and sets early. There is a strong wind from the northwest.

You would miss the tense war-consciousness of New York, or the pressing immediacy of an industrial city. But the war is here. This peaceful landscape belies the fighting spirit of the people who live here.

We really started to fight here during the last six months. The people of the valley sent their boys off to the army, not without tears, but prepared to support and speed their offensives. Farm families gathered scrap, rolled bandages, conserved gas, rubber, and oil.

When they went out in the fields last spring, they saw their cows and crops in a new light.

"This is food for the war," they said. "It is precious."

THE fighting spirit of the people here is reflected in the spirit of a woman who lives near us. She has two very small children. Her husband works on the Warren farm. When the Warrens' two sons enlisted last fall, the farm was short of help. The work of the two older men was doubled.

"We can get along until spring," she told me. "Then, when the children will be able to take care of themselves, I can work on the farm. I can do the daily chores, while Tom and my husband are sugaring, and starting the spring plowing."

How I admire that woman. She is a soldier, like the woman in the Russian hospital. She knows that the farm must be kept running, and she will take on a man's work to make sure that it does.

The spirit of the people here is reflected, again, in the new spirit in which we picked the apples last September. It was a good crop, large, beautiful fruit. Men and women came off the farms so we would not be short of labor. We picked and packed our crop with particular care.

"These are apples for Victory," we said. "Each one is a bullet." When you buy a Vermont apple this winter, think of us, and eat it carefully. Because we picked it carefully, so that it would get to you, who need it, just as we grew it.

That is how we live here, that is how we have been waging war here in Vermont.

Into this life of ours was woven your magazine. Like a mighty log chain, it built our morale, and bound us to every other person who is working for Victory.

We have taken it for some time. But never has it meant so much to us as during the last six months. At first my father was reticent, my mother kept it to herself. I talked a lot, as did my twin brother, and provoked heated arguments. They often ended bitterly.

Then came June 22 and Dec. 7, 1941; the signing of the United Nations pact in June 1942; and a hundred others, big and small, that we had to understand. We read NM. It was clear, honest. We grew to trust it. Now we are often lost without it.

We wait for it on Saturday, and are irritated if it is delayed until Monday. We open it quickly, tense with anticipation for a special Soviet dispatch, or the truth behind the headlines of the latest Washington story. My father, my mother, and myself—we read it carefully, every word. Then we write something of what we know to my three brothers who are in the army. It is a guidepost for us, like no other paper.

It is part of our daily life, as important as the apples we grow, and the clothes we wear. We watch NM like hawks; for Bruce Minton's reports from Washington, unraveling the complexities of the capital and reweaving them into a meaningful pattern; for your editorials; for those frontline bullet-words from the Soviet front.

Petrov, Polyakov, Sholokhov—we lived and fought with them. What a shock to hear that Petrov and Polyakov are dead—those irreplaceable fighters.

We watched the second front grow through your campaign. All summer we bet weekly on its nearness. When Sevastopol fell we said:

"Now, it has to come now."

Sevastopol—it was fought in our dooryard.

We grew sullen when the Nazis gained in Stalingrad. When there were victories, we cheered. The sun was bright again.

How much more we know of the Solomons and North Africa through your Colonel T.

We buy the books you feature, saving for them as we save for war bonds, because we trust your appraisal. Through you we learned about *The Seventh Cross, Russia's Fighting Forces, Village in August, The Film Sense,* and Earl Browder's magnificent *Victory—and After.*

I sell them to my friends, and talk wiser men than myself blue in the face about them.

Those books teach us. They have taught me more than three confusing years of college. They were a new world, linked to ours, within our reach.

The impact of your magazine has been like hitting rock



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bottom, hard. And then slowly rebuilding a whole meaningful framework out of confusion. That great key to the past, present, and particularly the future—the theory of the working class—it grew before our eyes. Suddenly, like Thomas Wolfe, the whole world fell into order. A chance phrase set up the perspective of years of history. One article would start us digging out the war problems like a steam shovel.

TONIGHT, a few hours before the beginning of the new year, the great offensives have begun. The Red Army and the American Army have taken the initiative from the fascists. In our life up here we have heard the droning of planes while we worked in the orchard, we have heard the ring of scrap metal, the tramp of the Home Guard, drilling—we know, too, how corn swells in the ears, the look of a good horse, or the approach of stormy weather.

But can I tell you how your magazine has tied us to the rest of our country, to the world. In the last six months we have felt with our hands the rock of history turning. Changes for us and for everybody have begun; you have helped us keep step with that process of change. You have shown us how to lead others, the power of us, and our great responsibilities, too.

So now you see why I wanted to write you this letter. I am a soldier. Soon I will start training, to be a flier. But I already know something of war. I've seen men in action on all fronts. And I know something of hate, too; the hate of the Nazis like that of Alexandra Ivanova, and Lieutenant Gerasimov. With each word, I kept saying:

"That is you, fighting. Remember and make sure that in your turn, you do as well. Remember their courage, their fighting morale."

Today I am not only a soldier. I am an anti-fascist fighter. That's what is so important. Because now I know exactly why we are fighting, and I know the way to Victory of the democratic armies of which I am a part. I have begun to understand the method by which progressive leaders guide their work, and the work of fighting people everywhere.

THE offensive has begun. It is here, now. It is my future, binding me to the militant heart of millions.

My job is to "master a military science," as Stalin, the man of the year, told the Soviet youth.

Who could fail with the cause of millions in his heart, and their gun slung over his shoulder?

FRANK HOLLINS.

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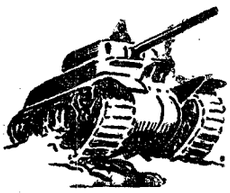
# NM SPOTLIGHT

## Since Casablanca



THE daily and weekly press has carried yards of type which all might have been run under one heading: "Second Thoughts on Casablanca." There has been detailed, elaborate speculation on why Stalin neither attended nor was represented, why the Chinese were not invited, or why the Roosevelt-Churchill reports were so lacking in concrete information.

Most of this, we believe, has been beside the point; some of it has been deliberately in line with the Hitler strategy of fomenting doubts and disunity among the peoples of the United Nations.

The first reaction to Casablanca on the part of healthy-minded anti-fascists was correct. The two great leaders of the United States and Great Britain had met to perfect their plans for waging an offensive coalition war with their ally the Soviet Union to smash Hitlerism as speedily as possible. It was not necessary for Stalin to be present. His plan for defeating Hitler has been well known since early last spring. It called for a joint American-British-Soviet offensive to destroy the Nazi forces. It was a plan which was premised upon the opening up of a second front in the West while the Red Army pounded at the Germans from the East.

That premise was not realized during 1942. Why it was not has been the subject of constant comment in these columns and need not be repeated at this time. The prerequisites for that second front, however, were realized: first, in the tremendous concentration of men and materials in the British Isles; second, in the North African campaign; and, third, in the organization and uprising of hundreds of thousands of anti-fascists throughout Nazi-occupied Europe.

THE task of Casablanca was to seize upon the favorable turn of military events and make concrete plans and decisions for the launching of a supreme American-British offensive on the continent. We have no doubt whatsoever that those plans and decisions were made. Our job now is to give the decisions the unstinted support of all Americans, to do this not only by increasing production and fostering an even higher level of unity behind the war effort, but by waging unrestricted warfare against the fascists and appeasers still in our midst. For they will try as they did in 1942 to cause confusion and delays that may be fatal.

The Red Armies are today scoring the greatest military victories recorded in history. Virtually alone they are decimating the ranks of Hitler's might. The people of Europe are actively fighting the German and Italian armies; in Yugoslavia alone they are occupying more Axis troops than are the combined efforts of the British and Americans.

Plainly, all the conditions of a second front are at hand; the decisions for complete American-British-Soviet coalition war have been taken. Let no man, no group, no newspaper hinder their speedy accomplishment!

Hugo Gellert

"To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe,
March on! March on!
All hearts resolved. . . ."

## Final Chapter

WHILE the British Mosquitoes buzzed overhead, the trio down below sang their songs of desperation. Pig-snout Goering, rat-face Goebbels—each intoned his separate version of the first decade of the butcher's millennium—the butcher himself was absent. The Russians had deceived them by not revealing their aggregate strength during the Finnish war. By some strange twists of logic, the debacle at Stalingrad sealed the Nazis' future victory. This time, however, time and place were studiously omitted. Flagging German morale was re-



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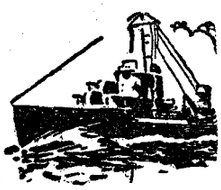
buked with threats to destroy those who were remiss in their war obligations. Goering apologized for his failure to keep Allied bombers from the cities—he had headaches on the Eastern Front; the Luftwaffe couldn't be everywhere. (This from the man who swore that Berlin would never be raided.) Goering paid tribute to his chief partner in crime as the genius of the Wehrmacht's campaign—an obvious zealousness intended, it would seem, to place the responsibility of the fiasco on the Eastern Front on Hitler. How the killers fear the day of wrathful reckoning!

Hitler himself played an old phonograph record from his well stocked album of gibberish. The tune started as usual with Versailles, then broke into a refrain of what he had done for the German people despite the opposition of the "Jews and plutocrats." And the final chorus was a paean to himself for keeping that "Asiatic Bolshevist flood" from spilling into the West. He, with Goebbels and Goering, repeated again and again the threat of Bolshevism, imploring his appeaser friends abroad to thwart the victories of the Red Army. The words, unfortunately, do not fall entirely on deaf ears. There are certain "gentlemen" in Britain and the United States who afford the Nazis hope that "arrangements" for a negotiated peace can still be made. Berlin, scrutinizing the phenomenon of Darlanism, knows that there may be an outside chance. The Nazis know that they still have useful friends in Congress, particularly a certain "gentleman" from Texas.

The concentration on the Bolshevist bogey was also a measure of the fright with which Berlin received the unconditional surrender conference at Casablanca. They know that the final chapter is being prepared; that the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting raised high the "specter" of a second front which will assure that the Nazis will commemorate their eleventh anniversary under six feet of sod.

## Pigboat Menace



WHILE Hitler's land fronts contract, he is gathering all his industrial and naval forces behind an expanded underseas warfare. He has appointed a new commander, Admiral Karl Doenitz, to lead the submarine packs against the United Nations supply lines in the Atlantic. And the critical fact is that we are losing in the contest between convoy and pigboat. Each passing day finds the raiders taking a large toll of ships whose bottoms hold the materials for key battle areas.

To keep down the American flow of supplies, the Nazis are building almost a sub a day or about two subs for every one sunk. Estimates of the number of their subs available for an all-out drive run between 500 and 700. They have also improved the U-boat's structure, increasing its diving and torpedo capacity as well as its speed and cruising range. Depth charges are becoming less effective as a counter-measure. Too, the Nazis are following new attack tactics by hunting in groups. A convoy will find itself facing the torpedoes of two or three subs. After the escort vessels are drawn off, another pack closes in on the unguarded convoy and plays hell with the ships. Equally serious is the fact that the rate of our losses is not much less than the rate at which new ships are moving down the ways. And the loss in trained marine personnel is as tragic as it is ominous.

There has been justifiable criticism heaped on the navy for failing to foresee that the pigboats would become an even greater menace as Hitler was pushed closer to the wall. We need a larger number of escort vessels, in addition to corvettes, to free the sea lanes. Technical experts have suggested innovations—such as use of the helicopter and dirigible—but they have not received much attention from tradition-bound officials. Nor has the experience of the British been used to best advantage. This reluctance to take bold action permits the Nazis to hold the initiative on one front which threatens the outcome on the others.

## Cracks in the Ersatz

THAT "remarkably balanced German economy" which only a short while ago entranced many commentators is heading for the same debacle overtaking the Wehrmacht. Hitler is raiding nurseries for fifteen- and sixteen-year-old boys to replace the generation of youth buried under mountains of Stalingrad rubble and in that 1,500 mile crematorium known as the Eastern Front. In their more halcyon days when they walked over Europe as though on a Sunday outing, the Nazis devised the system of shifting soldiers back to factories during lulls in the fighting. The system is now cracking up because of huge manpower losses. Seventy-five-year-old men, middle aged women, slave labor—practiced in the arts of sabotage and slow-down—from the occupied countries are being recruited into war plants whose machinery is running down without the possibility of replacements. Nazi party bosses are beginning to prosecute owners of small and middle sized establishments for refusing to use all of their equipment in filling orders.

The food problem is also haunting the Wilhelmstrasse, particularly after the Allied occupation of North Africa. There the Germans lost overnight an annual yield of 300,000 tons of grain, 400,000 tons of fresh vegetables as well as a million tons of phosphates, cobalt, manganese, antimony, molybdenum, wines, olive oil, the wool of 19,000,000 sheep, and such delicacies as oranges, lemons, dates, and preserves. Consumer goods are estimated to be sufficient for the next ninety days.

FURTHERMORE, Karl Brandt in the January *Foreign Affairs* reports a growing paralysis of Germany's transportation. While he does not foresee an imminent or inevitable collapse, transportation reserves are "becoming smaller, inaccessible, or difficult to mobilize." German freight cars whose seams almost burst when they were carrying ten to fifteen tons each are now having their loads increased by two tons above the limit. Other reporters state that new rolling stock cannot match the rapid rate of deterioration.

Bombardment has, of course, enmeshed the movement of supplies in great difficulties. But here it is worth noting, particularly in reply to the de Seversky school of victory through air raids, the anonymous reports of observers as quoted in the New York *Times* of January 24. "It is true that up to now the bombings have produced only sporadic disturbances without affecting production decidedly. Measures were taken to move war factories to a greater extent into immobilized or insufficiently occupied factory buildings, as well as to regroup them in different regions." The Germans, by clever camouflage, have also reduced the effectiveness of raids with war plants as targets.

Nevertheless, bombings have damaged output. And this has been especially true of attacks on rail lines moving fuel to factories. That, linked to coal and oil deficiencies, has reduced the energy stocks of many plants to the point where they have enough fuel for only a few days. Plans to transfuse Nazi industry with Rostov oil having failed, the Germans are now beating their brains out frantically trying to increase the flow from their synthetic and natural sources capable of producing 15,000,000 metric tons a year. This in the face of the fact that the German army alone needs 20,000,000 tons annually.

In small part, this is the story of the disintegration of European war economy in general and of the Nazi system in particular. It is the better part of wisdom to employ this crisis *not,* as some "super-duper realists" in and out of Washington are, as a reason for sitting back and saying that the Nazis are sliding into hell by themselves and all the Allies have to do is polish them off with heavy bombardments. We have the unprecedented opportunity, know-



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ing that Hitler's economic setup is slowly becoming crippled although it still possesses immense power, to write the word "finis" by an immediate continental invasion. The Nazi system will never be dead until it is buried by victorious hands.

## North African Riddle

A STEP in the direction of unity among the anti-fascist people of France was taken when Generals Giraud and de Gaulle met during the Casablanca conferences. They announced the establishment of military and economic liaison and characterized the meeting as simply the beginning of other negotiations looking to a more complete coalition. We welcome Giraud's statement that "There is only one kind of politics for France: Fight and win the war."

The step taken was, nevertheless, much shorter than most people had hoped for. Economic and military matters were unrealistically divorced from political. It was specifically declared that no progress toward political union had been made. Peyrouton was installed in a key administrative post as another pillar of Vichyism. None of the other poisonous Vichymen was removed from office. Giraud announced that the anti-Jewish laws would be relaxed only slowly. Nothing was done to release anti-fascists from jails and concentration camps.

Meanwhile a remarkable series of articles on conditions in French Morocco appeared, of all places, in the conservative *New York Times*. Written by Drew Middleton, they depicted a scene of "profiteering, political apathy—worse than any factional strife—distrust of the Americans and lack of faith in an ultimate United Nations victory." Morocco, where the situation closely parallels Algeria "but is intensified by the dictatorial character of Gov. Gen. Charles Nogues' regime," Middleton further describes as a place where the "American flag flies near concentration camps and French collaborationists form an inter-Allied club and mix freely with American officers."

It is plain that the North African political scene will remain muddled until men of the treacherous character of Nogues are removed. Such pro-fascists now dominate the French Imperial Council from which Giraud derives his power. An extreme conservative himself, Giraud will move at maximum in the direction victory demands only when he is freed from his present political surroundings and derives his authority from leaders represent-

*(Continued on page 8)*

## Is Your Name Hitler?

PERHAPS you are a member of a trade union; but if your name isn't Hitler, why has the House Judiciary Committee reported out a bill that would make almost any union activity subject to the Anti-Racketeering Act and union men liable to a twenty-year jail term or a $10,000 fine or both? Perhaps you are just one of the general public who must eat and sleep and clothe yourself and try to play your part to the full in the great war against fascism. But if your name isn't Hitler, why is a portion of your food and clothing and other necessities being taken away from you through rising prices? Why are Congress and the profiteers gunning for Mr. and Mrs. America instead of for Hitler?

These are something more than bread-and-butter questions. These are questions that affect our country's ability to wage and win this global war of survival. There is ominous lightning on the labor front, and those who think they can head off the storm by passing a crackdown law are making a mistake that will cost the nation dearly. When the United States was catapulted into the war at Pearl Harbor, labor voluntarily gave up for the duration the use of its principal weapon, the right to strike. No equivalent sacrifice was made by employers. When President Roosevelt last April proposed his seven-point program to stabilize prices, profits, and wages, it was labor again that agreed to limit its demands for wage increases by accepting the "Little Steel" formula of the War Labor Board. This formula, in view of the fact that living costs had risen about fifteen percent between January 1941 and May 1942, provided that workers would be permitted to receive up to a fifteen-percent wage increase, with allowances for inequities and cases of substandard pay. This stabilization of wages was based on the premise that prices were also being stabilized at the level of May 1942. But the fact is that the feeble attempts at price stabilization quickly collapsed, while corporation profits were allowed to soar despite heavier taxes.

The sad record of price-control is written in the latest report of the US Department of Labor. This shows that during the first year of American participation in the war the cost of living jumped nine percent. Between May 15 and December 15 the cost of food, which constitutes forty percent of the average family budget, increased 9.1 percent. In the one month from November 15 to December 15 food rose 1.2 percent, while general living costs advanced one-half of one percent. At a recent press conference Prentiss Brown, new OPA Administrator, stated that all he expected to be able to do was to keep living costs down to an increase of one-half percent a month, or six percent a year.

Chiefly responsible for this situation are the defeatists and profits-as-usual reactionaries inside and outside of Congress who have sabotaged price-control and rationing and have starved the OPA. A heavy share of the blame must, however, also be borne by the OPA and the Roosevelt administration, which repeatedly yielded ground under pressure instead of fortifying their positions by enlisting labor and the consumers behind a program of vigorous over-all price-control and rationing.

The fruits of appeasement are always sour. Black markets are flourishing, consumers are kicking, and workers in many parts of the country, though they are doing everything in their power to prevent strikes, are near the breaking point.

It is clear that President Roosevelt and the responsible government agencies must step in before hell breaks loose. The basis for the "Little Steel" formula has ceased to exist; it should be revised upward to meet the advance in living costs. The Department of Agriculture and the OPA must lose no time in establishing rationing of ALL essential commodities and strict enforcement of ALL price ceilings. The administration must refuse to give an inch to the "farm bloc" wreckers, the labor-haters, and the rest of the lose-the-war gang. And the administration and all patriotic members of Congress must provide our floundering war economy with a spinal column in the form of a central directing and planning authority, the Office of War Mobilization, as proposed in the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bills. The people will back such a program, and it will help speed the offensive operations planned at Casablanca.



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ing the unequivocal enemies of Hitler.

It is equally evident that the American political representative in North Africa, Robert Murphy, is no help. Nor can Secretary of State Hull's shoddy attempts to pass the buck on the African political tangle to the President and to General Eisenhower be said to clarify the situation or lead to its solution. Excuses are not what the people want; they want quick and decisive action to do away once and for all with the State Department's dangerous political improvisation.

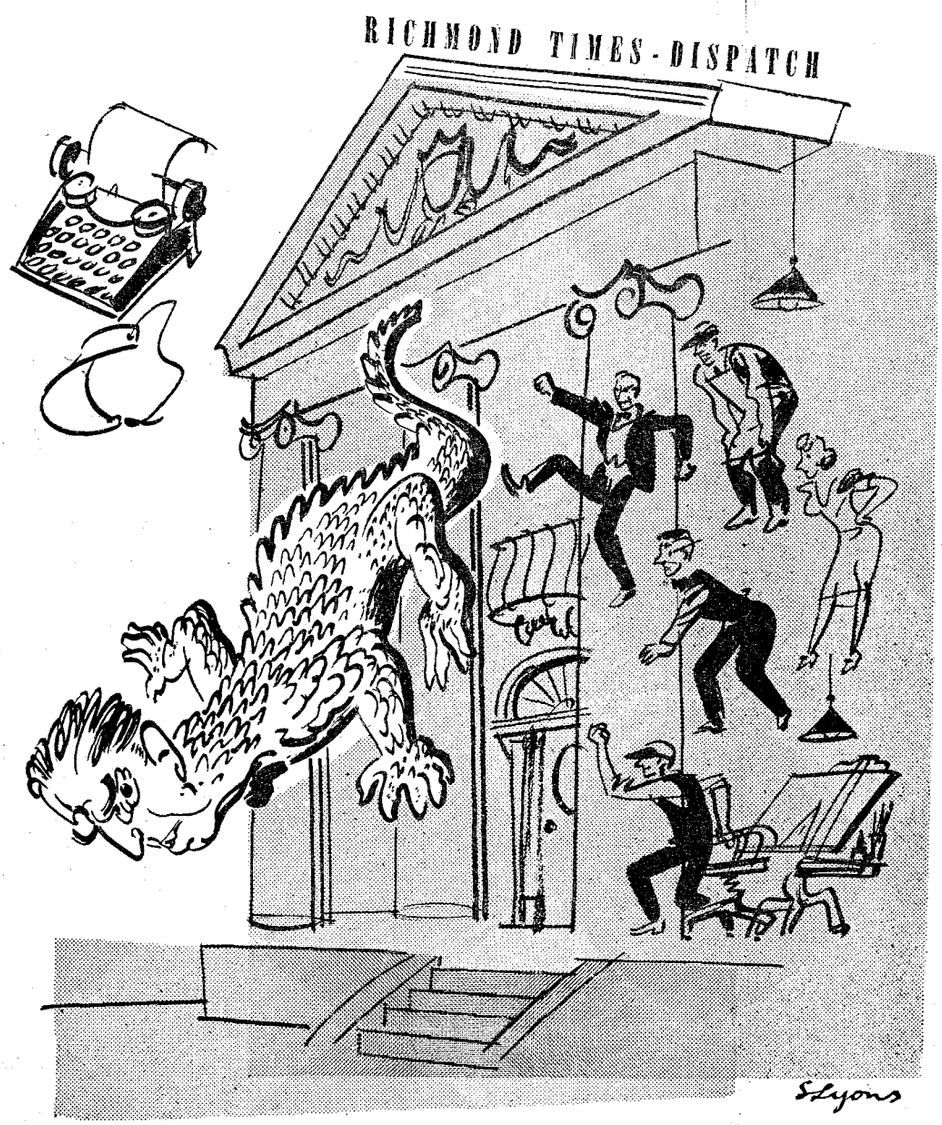
## Hull's Finnish Fable

SMALL wonder that the Finns are trembling these days, and not because of the Arctic weather. The Red Army's bursting of the Leningrad siege, Helsinki's internal economic calamities are rousing the country for a separate peace over the heads of Mannerheim and Ryti. Unfortunately the Finnish fable is still accepted as gospel truth by the US State Department. Only last week Mr. Hull foresaw no change in diplomatic relations despite the fact that lend-lease supplies are being bombed from Finnish bases and that only recently Mannerheim officials toasted the Japanese treachery at Pearl Harbor. If it was necessary for our government to take measures halting the dissemination of Nazi-inspired Finnish propaganda here, why is the ineffable Procope still permitted to move freely in high Washington circles? We have said before, and we repeat, that when this chapter of our international relations is finally written it will be the tragic story of espionage and intrigue conducted right under J. Edgar Hoover's nose.

Those in the State Department perched high on Mt. Olympus should occasionally come down into the valley of American public opinion. They would be amazed to find, for example, that only last week a national conference of Finnish-American trade unionists in Duluth, Minn., spoke for an immediate severance of relations with Helsinki by a declaration of war. They appealed to their blood-kin to "wreck the war plans of the Nazis—call the soldiers from the front!" Conference delegates from the AFL, the CIO, and farm cooperatives were cheered by a letter from William Green, by messages from outstanding labor heads, among them R. J. Thomas of the Auto Workers.

Helsinki's continued reliance on the State Department for moral support perils good will among the United Nations. We offer, just in case Mr. Hull needs the information, an exact definition of where Helsinki stands in the war. "Finland is standing shoulder to shoulder with Germany. . . . Our country is allied to Germany with ties of comradeship in arms." Who said that? The Finnish Premier, Johan W. Rangell.

*News Item: Richmond "Times-Dispatch" Discontinues Pegler Columns*




Out-of-town papers please copy

## India and the War

INDIA'S Independence Day was celebrated during a week that saw a decided turn for the better in the cardinal factor upon which India's future—as well as the future of all other nations—depends. The United Nations were on the offensive. The enemy was further weakened by tremendous blows from the Red Army and the loss of a strategic position in North Africa. However, the Indian situation itself remained unsolved. The British government and the great majority of India's people were still deadlocked on the question of India's status.

That deadlock has been used by certain people to cast doubts on the validity of the war itself. It has been used to suggest that the struggle has reverted to an imperialist war. It was exploited to plant seeds of mistrust between Americans and the British government. Pearl Buck, for example, is reported to have said, in addressing the India League of America: "Of all the events of this eventful year, this matter of India, and the loss of the opportunity through India of establishing freedom as a principle for relations between peoples will prove to be the most important for the future." Here is a serious distortion of the 1942 picture. For by all odds, the most important events of the year were the military victories of the Soviet Union and the transition from defensive to offensive by Great Britain and the United States. The significance of 1942 was that the growing strength and unity of the United Nations began to spell unconditional victory.

No, the mistakes and blunders regarding India do not alter the fundamental anti-



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fascist character of the war. They do not justify Mrs. Buck's further comment that the failure to give India freedom "will nullify, to what extent we cannot now tell, the effect of the magnificent military victories we are now winning." Nothing can even remotely nullify the effect of destroying the Axis!

CERTAINLY the 300,000,000 people of India, oppressed for more than a century by British imperialists, are in a struggle for freedom which is also our struggle. And certainly the solution of the India problem is a war necessity—a necessity which was recognized in the Atlantic Charter. Continued failure toward India will cost hundreds of thousands of lives and a longer war. Every failure in the total war effort risks defeat. The United Nations cannot afford a single failure.

The United States, as Earl Browder has said, must take the leadership in breaking the deadlock between the people of India and Great Britain. The issue is not a local, intramural one; it is an issue in which all members of the United Nations have a stake. The war demands that the Atlantic Charter be given immediate application to that vast nation, India.

## San Simeon Syrup

IT MAY have been by carrier pigeon or by radio from Berlin. No matter. But we should like to know, nevertheless, how William Randolph Hearst was able to time a certain editorial splash three days before Goering pleaded for a gentleman's peace arrangement. The explanation for this interesting coincidence is probably simple. The Hearst papers are so well versed in Nazi *hochpolitik* that they can anticipate every ache and pain and administer the proper dose of soothing syrup at the appropriate moment. According to the San Simeon strategist it doesn't matter a tinker's dam who wins the war in Europe. Our only task is to keep the "orientals" from swallowing the "occidental" world. This racist conception of the war tries to do a job which even Hitler has thus far been unsuccessful in doing. Hearst also insists that Schicklgruber means no harm and that the current little quarrel can be patched up with half a try in order to save the white peoples from exterminating themselves. America's battle is in the Pacific; why waste time worrying about a second front in Europe? Which is exactly what the doctor ordered to save Hitler from further advances to the rear.

Now one would think that if the Hearst press wants us to forget Europe and do an immediate job on Tokyo—then the Hearst papers are genuine enemies of the Mikado. After all, Hearst says that our real foes are the "orientals." But "orientals" covers a heap of peoples—such as the Chinese and Indians. And here is where the mangy cat pops out of the threadbare bag. If the white peoples have the responsibility of keeping the yellow peoples in harness, that naturally includes our Chinese and Indian allies. In other words what at a hasty glance seems to be a Hearst attack on Japan turns

out in effect to be an attempt to isolate the Chinese and Indians from the United Nations. Which is again exactly what the doctor ordered to keep the Mikado in good health. For Tokyo's broadcasters have been staying awake nights trying to find ways to convince the Chinese and Indians that their enemies are the occidentals. So what is Hearst soothing syrup for the Axis is a lethal cupful for the Allies.

If the White House has another one of those iron crosses around we suggest that it be sent airmail, special delivery, to San Simeon. That is if John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News* doesn't mind.

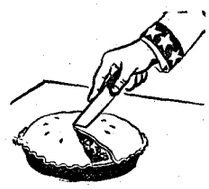
## Strap-Hangers, Take Heed!

THOSE of us who ride the subways and buses—and who doesn't?—tend to take them so much for granted that we are hardly aware of how dependent we are on the men who operate New York's transportation system. Now that many of us have war jobs to get to, this dependence becomes crucial. And so we have no business being neutral in the dispute between the Transport Workers Union (CIO), representing the city's 32,000 transit workers, and the Board of Transportation. We and the union have this in common: we don't want a strike, and we do want an efficient subway and bus system. In fact, the only one who does seem to want a strike and doesn't want an efficient transportation system is John H. Delaney, president of the Board of Transportation. His refusal to negotiate with the TWU and his generally hostile and provocative attitude—which has been condemned by the National War Labor Board—have led to small stoppages and precipitated a crisis which is threatening to paralyze the transit system of the nation's largest city.

Now at long last Mayor LaGuardia, who for a long time supported Delaney, has appointed a committee, headed by Ignatius M. Wilkinson, dean of Fordham Law School, to survey labor relations on the city-owned transit lines and bring in recommendations. The workers are asking: a wage increase in accord with the national wage stabilization policy; union security; equalization of wages; and a joint management-labor committee to improve the efficiency of the transit system.

A broad movement in support of the Transport Workers Union has developed. Last week the press published an advertisement signed by a large number of AFL and CIO officials backing the union. The New York CIO has pledged $100,000 for a campaign to enlist popular sentiment behind the workers. On Tuesday, February 9, a public rally is being held in Madison Square Garden at which Philip Murray, president of the CIO, will be the chief speaker. This is a fight of the people against policies that injure the war.

## Divvy Up



THE meat shortage is not a civilian issue; it is a war issue. Just how much of a war issue is indicated by the fact that it is already beginning to affect production. The newspaper *PM* quotes E. B. Merritt, assistant director of the Douglas Aircraft Co., which operates its own plant cafeterias, as saying that "already we do not have enough of the type of food that is necessary to secure maximum production. . . . We are now able to secure about fifty percent of the meat we need and about sixty percent of the butter." A similar statement came from C. J. Staunton, division manager of Vega Aircraft, Los Angeles.

Typical of the nationwide problem is the situation in New York City. A special committee appointed by Mayor LaGuardia reported after a survey that there is now available for New York consumers only forty percent of their normal meat requirements. Compliance with ceiling prices is the exception rather than the rule, and retail prices are ten to thirty-five percent above ceilings.

The difficulty lies in the very first step of the process by which meat is brought to the consumer, in the failure to place any



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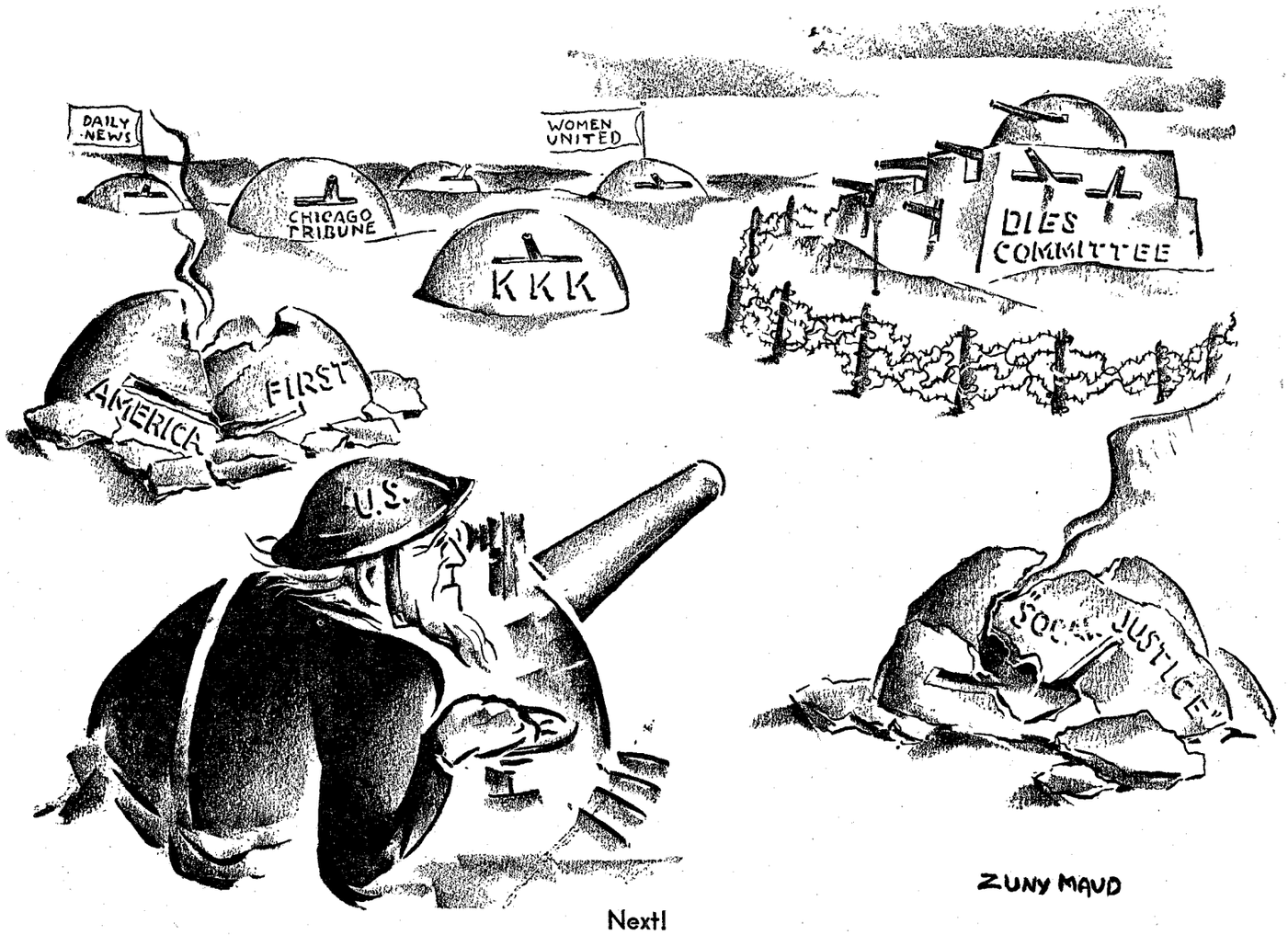


Next!

*cellings on livestock because of the opposition* of the congressional politics-as-usual bloc representing the wealthy farmers. The packers too have taken advantage of the situation to profiteer and to divert available supplies to large wholesalers and to hotels and restaurants, thereby depriving the majority of consumers of necessary meat. The failure of the Office of Price Administration and the Department of Agriculture to institute rationing of meat and all other essential commodities has also been a contributing factor of no small importance. Now we are told that meat rationing, after many postponements, will get under way in April. Why April? There's an emergency that threatens production and national morale. What stands in the way of *immediate* price ceilings on livestock (supplemented, if necessary, by government subsidies to producers); *immediate* enforcement of ceilings all down the line; *immediate* rationing of meat and other foods to assure equitable distribution? Perhaps only if consumers get together and along with the trade unions start talking up in organized fashion, will action come.

## "Italia Tradita"

GIUSEPPE VERDI belonged to the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the Italy whose wars of liberation forged a nation. That Italy has been betrayed by the fascist dictatorship, sold into bondage to Nazi Germany. The Verdi of the warm melody and the rich art, were he alive today, would have rejoiced at the weapon fashioned out of his music by his great countryman, Arturo Toscanini, a weapon in the new fight for Italy's liberation. Last Sunday Toscanini, conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, devoted his program entirely to Verdi's music. Now this man Toscanini has some peculiar notions. He is completely and passionately the musician, yet for that very reason he found himself at war long before the present global struggle with the defilers of his native land, the fascist killers of culture. And so what better occasion could there be than a Verdi program to convert a concert into —a political demonstration? And what a demonstration!

Toscanini played Verdi's "Hymn of the Nations," composed for the London Exhibition of 1862. Italy—like America—was not yet wholly free. In the text occur the words, *"Italia, patria mia"* (Italy, my country). Toscanini changed this to *"Italia tradita"* (Italy betrayed)—and every lover of Verdi will acknowledge that this is as the great composer himself would have wished it. Toscanini did something more: the work ends with parts of the *Marseillaise*, the English national anthem, and an Italian patriotic song of the day, by which Verdi intended to express the ideal of brotherhood among the freedom-loving nations of Europe. Immediately after, Toscanini added in his own arrangement the Star Spangled Banner, a grand climax that is completely true to the spirit of Verdi and true to our own age. We don't know whether this concert was short-waved to Europe, but it ought to be, for the benefit of those millions of enslaved Italians who hold the image of Verdi's Italy in their hearts.



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## Where Mr. Krock Errs

THERE is a very peculiar odor emanating from the controversy over the size of our army. We wouldn't say it is exactly a fifth column odor, yet if Joe Goebbels is handing out orders to his American stooges as to just what tempests to stir up in what teapots, we can't imagine him by-passing this one. The real issue, of course, is not whether our army is too big, but how soon it is going to get into some big fighting. It is not surprising to find people like the poll taxer Senator Bankhead, the defeatist Senator Wheeler, and the New York *Times'* doubletalker Arthur Krock, attacking the War Department's plans for expanding the army to 7,500,000 men by the end of 1943. But certain others—for example, a magazine like the *Nation*—really ought to know better than to echo this pernicious propaganda.

In his column in the *Times* of January 26 Mr. Krock attempts to show statistically that war production will not be able to supply the necessary equipment for an army of 7,500,000, plus officers, plus the personnel of the Navy and Marines, totaling all together 10,900,000. According to Krock, there would be left only 47,000,000 men and women between the ages of eighteen and sixty-four, or "four and a half workers behind the lines for every uniformed man as proposed." In the last war, he argues, six workers were required for every uniformed man, and the complexity of modern equipment has today probably raised this to seven or eight. Even if one ignores the fact that Krock's figure of 47,000,000 in the effective working force is some 5,000,000 lower than most estimates, his statistics will not hold water. For what he has omitted completely is the remarkable increase in the *productivity* (that is, output per man-hour) of the American worker between the two wars.

Department of Labor statistics show that with 1929 as the base year representing 100, productivity of industrial labor was 58 in 1919 immediately after the first world war, whereas in 1941 it has increased nearly threefold to 142.7. In other words, instead of eight workers for every man in uniform, a fraction less than three workers would now be required. So if there are four and a half workers available—using Krock's none too reliable figures—there would actually be a "surplus" of something over one and one-half workers. This "surplus" of course must be used to produce equipment and food for our allies.

The experience of Britain likewise speaks against the opponents of a large army. Britain has mobilized 4,000,000 men in its armed forces, or about 8.3 percent of the population. A total of 10,900,000 in our Army and Navy would still be only about 7.6 percent of our population. The fact is, however, that even today our war production in relation to population lags behind Britain's because the British, after learning the hard way, have introduced a greater measure of planning and centralized control. The lesson is plain: with planned, centralized administration of our entire war economy, as is proposed in the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bills, with the full utilization of womanpower and the ending of all discrimination against Negro labor and the foreign-born, the armed forces can be built according to plan and the goal set by the War Production Board of doubling output this year can not only be reached, but surpassed.

## WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

# CAPITOL KALEIDOSCOPE

*Washington.*

EVENTS move quickly in Washington. After an absence of two weeks, a day spent on the Hill, in union offices, and at government bureaus yields the following items:

Congressional sniping by defeatists against lend-lease will continue, but it appears likely there will be no revision downward of lend-lease appropriations in the House, Gene Cox of Georgia is pretty much in the saddle. Cox looks to the Republican divisionists for leadership, and then mobilizes the poll taxers for the attack against the administration. Cox is gunning for the Federal Communications Commission, hoping to investigate this agency to death before FCC charges brought against Cox can be thoroughly aired. . . . In the Senate Burton K. Wheeler, the appeaser, is very active. His latest tactic is to use the various agricultural committees and sub-committees to create dissension. He has taken to "agreeing" on foreign policy, while stirring up every difficulty and obstruction on the domestic front. The first Wheeler objective is to rob the war effort of farm support. The second is to magnify the "size of the army" issue to create confusion and delay, and to provide another excuse to snipe at the administration. . . . Wheeler just jammed legislation through the Senate to consolidate the wire, radio, telegraph, and cable companies. Joseph P. Selly, president of the American Communications Association (CIO), requested an opportunity to testify on the bill, but Wheeler took no chances. Selly wrote Wheeler protesting the way the legislation was handled "behind closed doors, without even the courtesy of a reply, much less the formality of a hearing. . . . Stories were carried in the public press on December 7 of charges that this legislation would lead to Axis penetration and possible control of our communications systems. Have you thoroughly investigated these charges or do you choose to ignore them?" Fortunately, the bill goes to the House, where Vito Marcantonio has expressed his intention of opposing it. Marcantonio will offer a bill of his own to deal with the communications tangle.

★

THE position on the House Judiciary Committee refused to Representative Marcantonio is still unfilled. Mike Kennedy of the New York Democratic Party is expected down here soon for a heart-to-heart talk with Speaker Rayburn. The New York Democrats are by no means happy about the gang-up on Marcantonio. New York is an important Democratic state. Look for a reopening of the Judiciary fight. Marcantonio is not yet counted out of the running, and his bid for the Judiciary is not ended—or lost. . . . A House committee headed by Rep. Warren G. Magnusen of Washington will investigate what is behind the story originating in the Akron *Beacon-Journal,* falsely charging that members of the National Maritime Union refused to unload a ship at the Solomon Islands. The tale, flatly denied by Army, Navy, Marine, and other officials, and by the Maritime Commission, gave neither the date nor the name of the ship. The original was written by Helen Waterhouse, *Beacon-Journal* gossip specialist. Miss Waterhouse in the past has confined her efforts to the more lush variety of sob-sister murders. As a labor expert, she has no more claim to fame than Louella Parsons. The slander against the NMU was obviously a deliberate plant—rumor is that Axis agents



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had a hand in it. The NMU is expected to demand criminal prosecution of those responsible for starting and spreading the libel.

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THE Senate Small Business Committee will add three Republicans and two Democrats to its membership. It has unfortunately been flirting with a new approach to small business problems. Formerly, the committee stressed the problem of bringing small business into the war effort. Now it is emphasizing the "relief to small enterprisers" angle—divisive and stultifying, and a handle for attacks on OPA price control. Behind recent smears of OPA is the fine hand of Tyre Taylor, counsel for the House Small Business Committee. Taylor is Washington representative of the Southern States Industrial Council (NAM of the South). . . . Another ominous development in the Senate is the success of Republicans in packing the Education and Labor Committee. To the present obstructionist members—Taft, Styles, Bridges, and Butler (who led the attack on lend-lease) —the Republicans have added two strong men: Wherry of Nebraska who defeated George Norris with the help of Pew (oil and shipbuilding) money, and Hawkes of New Jersey, past president of the US Chamber of Commerce. . . . The NAM is busily financing "farm revolt," particularly in the Midwest. Jim Farley is said to be much interested.

★

SUSPICION grows that Clare Hoffman of Michigan and Millard Tydings of Maryland are being fed ideas for defeatist activity in Congress by some such source as the Chicago *Tribune* or the Washington *Times-Herald*. . . . Attorney-General Biddle plans to present Congress with legislation to require registration of Communist Party membership. The bill will also deliberately revive the "communazi" canard by lumping fascists and Communists in the same category. . . . The Monday Night Club, as it is called, is still going strong. This small cabal of like minds gathers at least once a week, with Gardner Jackson, anti-union finger man and Red-baiter *par excellence* as mentor, to spread snide slanders against everything and anything progressive. James Wechsler of *PM* supposedly acts as publicity outlet. The latest club activity has been a sly and unprincipled attack on Lombardo Toledano, Mexican labor leader and head of the Latin American Confederation of Labor. The club hopes to prevent Toledano's forthcoming trip here, which aims to cement inter-American labor unity. . . . Ernest Galarza, member of the club, arch-enemy of Toledano, expects to be offered a job in the

De Lappe

Martin Dies

Bureau of Economic Warfare. The BEW already has too many Trotskyites scattered through various sections. Much of the responsibility for German propaganda finding its way into the press is blamed on these political racketeers. . . . The BEW has never explained why it hired one Richard Deverall, friend of Franco, advocate of a totalitarian form of government for the United States, whose unsavory record cost him his job with the United Automobile Workers.

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JOHN L. LEWIS expects to go to town when he begins negotiations for a new United Mine Workers contract a few months from now. Lewis has been biding his time. Predictions are that he will ask for a two-dollar-a-day wage increase for the miners. Lewis will bring all his demagogy into play, all his hate of the administration to stir up strife. He will base his disruption on failure of rationing and price-control, and on present inequitable tax proposals—all justified complaints. But Lewis offers no cure; his demands for a big wage rise are designed to goad the administration into taking a position that Lewis can label "anti-labor." Lewis actually will try to bring wages into competition with prices —a short-cut to inflation, from which workers have most to lose. The answer to Lewis has been given by the five-point program of the United Electrical Workers. The UE points out that the cost of living rose by 4.8 percent in six months after May 1942, when the War Labor Board announced its fifteen percent wage formula. The formula cannot be maintained in the light of price advances. The solution must come from proper enforcement of all seven points of the President's economic program. The UE calls for, (1) an over-all production and economic program, which means passage of the Tolan-Pepper-Kilgore bill, real price-control and rationing, a fair tax plan; (2) a flexible wage formula to keep wages in line with prices; (3) removal of disruptive wage differentials; (4) enforcement of equal pay for equal work for women; (5) protection of wage rates, and the granting of increased rates as an incentive for increased output.

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VIRGINIA GARDNER, Federated Press correspondent in Washington, did a great service by putting her finger on certain figures in the tax lobby who urge a high sales tax and the Ruml Plan. She names as most active in Washington O. Max Gardner, former governor of North Carolina, director of the Sperry Gyroscope Co., owner of several open shop textile mills in Shelby, N. C., counsel for the Cotton Textile Institute, and adviser to the Rayon Yarn Producers Association. He is far too friendly with Chairman Walter George of the Senate Finance Committee and Chairman Robert L. Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee. Close to Gardner, also pushing for the sales tax, is John W. Hanes, former Undersecretary of the Treasury, now director of the International Mercantile Marine, the Hearst Corp., and other large outfits. . . . While the tax lobby pushes the NAM program, the Treasury Department remains lamentably inactive. It has offered insufficient leadership while the sales tax forces, led by Senator Taft, twist President Roosevelt's words so that his approval of pay-as-you-go taxes is made to seem a plug for the Ruml Plan. Also, false rumors are spread that the Treasury will propose a 25 percent withholding tax on wages. So far the Treasury's denials have not caught up with the lie. . . . Russ Nixon, Washington representative of the United Electrical Workers, wrote Chrairman Doughton condemning the Ruml Plan as a "grandiose tax swindle," pointing out that the Ruml Plan has been deliberately confused with pay-as-you-go proposals. He also charges that Ruml would cancel $8,000,000,000 income tax indebtedness, to the benefit of the very wealthy—"a windfall for the special interests." Moreover, he makes the point that the section of the Ruml Plan which postpones for a year application of new, higher income tax rates to large fortunes is conveniently omitted from publicity surrounding the plan.

★

HARRY TALBOT, formerly of the Autolite corporation in Toledo, O., is said to be the moving spirit behind Eddie Rickenbacker and his speaking tour. Rickenbacker's anti-labor talks are quite to Talbot's taste. . . . A Washington visitor from Detroit complains that the reason the Ford Willow Run plant has not got into production sooner is that Ford is more interested in preparing the plant to turn out transport planes in postwar days.



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## FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

# THE NAZIS NEVER IMAGINED IT

DURING the first ten weeks of the 1942-43 Red Army offensive approximately the same amount of territory has been cleared of German troops as was liberated in the thirteen weeks of last year's offensive. However, the Soviet advance then was spread over a wider front than it is today, so the penetration was less deep and did not reach many of the key defense points of the enemy.

This year things are different. The Red Army has penetrated from Stalingrad to the Donetz, or 200 miles, in a little more than one month, and from Stalingrad to Tikhoretskaya, 280 miles, in thirty-four days. From Mozdok it has reached Kropotkin, 250 miles, in twenty-seven days, in the dead of winter, while it took the Germans twenty-two days to cover that same distance in the opposite direction in August, which is the ideal season for mechanized warfare.

The Red Army offensive is a sustained affair and nowhere can one detect a lag caused by the troops outdistancing their supply service. In this connection it is important to note that up to now, i.e., during the past ten weeks, the Red Army on the Don, Donetz, and Manych fronts has been operating with motorized transport *alone*. It could not use the Voronezh-Rostov, Stalingrad-Likhaya, and Stalingrad-Tikhoretsk railroad until a few days ago when the lines were cleared and they surely have not been rebuilt yet. For the Germans, narrowing the gauge of Soviet railroads to fit them to their standard, cut down the ties to make them useless when the Russians recapture the railroads. However, the reconquest of some 100,000 square miles of territory and the high maneuverability and mobility displayed by the Red Army this winter are not the principal features of this offensive. The principal feature is the appearance of Cannae-like operations. "Cannae" is the strategist's synonym for a battle of encirclement and annihilation, a battle from which not a single armed enemy unit emerges alive. The original battle of Cannae was fought in 216, B.C., during the Second Punic war between Romans and Carthaginians. Near the little town of Cannae, in Apulia, the Carthaginian General Hannibal, assisted by his brother Hasdrubal, utterly defeated and annihilated the legions of the Roman Consuls Aemilius Paulus and Terentius Varro. The entire Roman army was destroyed or captured.

The German General Staff grew up for generations on the dream of a super-Cannae. Nor was it only a dream: they fulfilled it in 1870 in the case of Napoleon the Third's army at Sedan, where almost 90,000 Frenchmen were killed and captured, mostly captured; and in the case of General Samsonov's Second Russian Army in late August 1914, at the battle of Tannenberg, where the Russians lost nearly 150,000 men, of which 90,000 were captured near the south border of East Prussia.

THE Red Army offensive which has been rolling and crashing on for more than ten weeks has seen one super-"Cannae" consummated at Stalingrad, another in the process of consummation at Voronezh, and still another in preparation in the northwestern corner of the Caucasus (a minor "Cannae" was staged and won at Novyi Oskol on January 28). The first occurred at the end of November when Generals Rokossovsky and Yeremenko snapped the trap around twenty-two Nazi divisions in front of Stalingrad. At this writing the news is that General von Paulus, whom Hitler made a field marshal on January 30, surrendered with his staff on January 31, thus virtually ending the resistance of the liquidated German Sixth Army Group before Stalingrad. This is a "Cannae" of unheard of magnitude. Nothing like this in military history has ever occurred. The losses of the Germans in this disaster are double the losses incurred by the Russians in the famous disaster of Tannenberg—where the Russians saved the Allies at the first Battle of the Marne by drawing off two German army corps from the West to the East.

Last week the Red Army launched a new offensive right at the northern anchor of the German southern wing—at Voronezh. The western half of Voronezh, held by the Germans since the first week of July 1942, was recaptured. After that the troops of General Reiter's so-called Bryansk Front and those of General Golikov's Voronezh Front combined to form a great pincers which lopped off nine German divisions west of Voronezh. The operation was performed by means of an extremely bold and powerful blow straight at the junction of Kastornaya which was captured on January 28. The encirclement character of the battle is born out by the fact that points within the Kastornaya-Voronezh "sack," points lying *east* of Kastornaya, were captured *after* Kastornaya had fallen. At this moment the nine encircled German divisions are being whittled down and systematically destroyed.

At Novyi Oskol, further south along the Voronezh-Rostov trunk railroad, another, smaller "Cannae" was prepared for the Italian Army Corps which was unlucky enough to be quartered there. It is also interesting to note that localities north, south, and west of Novyi Oskol were captured on January 23 and 24 while Novyi Oskol was captured only on January 29.

The same sort of thing happened, though it involved only one or two Axis divisions, at Starobelsk, Ostrogozhsk, and Millerovo, and is now happening to the Axis garrison of Staryi Oskol, which seems to have been surrounded on January 27.

Something extremely interesting should be noted in connection with this Voronezh operation. It is a well known axiom that the junction of two fronts is always a weak spot for any army. Here two front commanders, with two wills, come in contact and coordination is usually difficult. The enemy, and especially the Germans, make it a specialty to attack precisely at the "seam" between two separate fronts. That is what they did in 1915 when they made their famous breakthrough at Novo-Swentziany on the Russian front. But this year, at Voronezh, we see the exact opposite of such a situation: the junction between Generals Reiter and Golikov is the point selected for the attack. This is a highly noteworthy feature of Red Army operative coordination and synchronization.

FINALLY there seems to be a new, and still greater, "Cannae" in the making for the Germans. In the Northern Caucasus the latter occupied a territory which a month ago was equivalent to a circle with a radius of about 150 miles. Into that circle had been pumped some twenty-five Axis divisions, mostly German. Now the radius has shrunk to about fifty miles, which means that the area of the whole circle has shrunk nine times. The center of the circle on January 1 was somewhere in Nevinnomysskaya, which was captured on January 20. On February 1 the center was somewhere in Timoshevskaya, 140 miles to the west of Nevinnomysskaya.

With the capture of Tikhoretskaya, the exit from that terrible circle has become very difficult. The Germans still have a single track railroad from Krasnodar due north to Timoshevskaya to Kushchevka and Rostov. Branch lines run from this



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line west to the ports of Primorsko-Akhtarskaya and Yeisk. However, should the Red Army capture Timoshevskaya the whole of the Germans communications will be cut and the northwestern Caucasus area will probably become the site of a bigger and better "Cannae."

The new character of the battles on the Eastern Front is pointed up by the fact that Axis troops are surrendering in substantial numbers—which was not the case last winter. Between November 19 and January 20 of this year 500,000 Axis troops were killed and 200,000 captured. This count does not include the Voronezh "Cannae" and now it may be said that at least one enemy soldier is captured to every two killed. That is a very high ratio. All of the prisoners are not supplied by German troops, of course, since the satellite units surrender more readily. However, the continuous battles of encirclement and annihilation going on on the Eastern Front show Hitler a pretty ominous handwriting on the wall. Such a thing has never happened to the German army before, under either Adolph or Wilhelm.

## THE WEEK IN LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

# THE MAN ON THE STREET

*London (by wireless).*

BRITISH reactions to the Casablanca conference were somewhat chilly. Chillier than the facts justify, it is thought by some people in a position to know the facts. Nevertheless it must be understood that the British reaction is largely conditioned by recollections of a famous—or, if you like, notorious—communique issued last spring by a similar conference.

We do not in the least wish to suggest that the Casablanca conference failed to make final the plans for an offensive in Europe. But you have to remember that last spring the British people were regaled with a communique which told a public worried by the lack of activity in the West that an agreement had been reached on the question of an offensive in Europe in 1942. That assurance proved illusory. So no one need be surprised if the British public received the communique issued by the Casablanca conference with a certain amount of skepticism.

I THINK it can be said confidently that the British labor movement is prepared to endorse the Casablanca conference wholeheartedly when it sees some results. The British labor movement, and indeed much wider sections, were last year befoozled by suggestions that action to divert German forces westward was just around the corner.

There is profound sympathy in Britain with the statement recently broadcast from Moscow to the effect that while everyone in Britain and America seems agreed that the offensive in Europe must occur in 1943, we are already in 1943. It cannot be denied, and nobody interested in Anglo-American relations would deny it, that the attitude of certain American authorities having some influence in North Africa has created the gravest misgivings here, and has even given rise to a potentially dangerous anti-Americanism—not, of course, justified by the facts.

The British public, I think, was at one time prepared to accept what is called here "the American argument of expediency." But, rightly or wrongly, the British public has observed that this "expediency" has already resulted in the loss of a considerable number of British and American lives in North Africa. And the question is very seriously raised here whether these military disadvantages are compensated by whatever political advantages may in certain quarters be supposed to result from the attempt to avoid mobilizing the patriotic elements in North Africa—the attempt, indeed, to negotiate with every reactionary gangster able to offer himself as some sort of guarantee for the interests of those in Britain and America who used to be very roughly lumped together under the name of the "Cliveden set."

The British public is not in a mood to be hypercritical of this kind of development. But if the North African affair looms large in their eyes that is because the British—again, rightly or wrongly—suppose that a military cleanup of North Africa must precede the essential invasion of Europe. And they suppose also that the military cleanup is being delayed by a certain political prejudice and even a political "kid glovedness" toward those whose interest would be best served by prolonging the present deadlock there. The public, however, is by no means inclined to attach an exaggerated importance to these apparently sinister events, provided that as a result of the Casablanca conference there is some tangible proof of the British and American governments' will to take a hand on a scale sufficient to make the deadly implications of a two-front war a reality.

WE HAVE spent a good deal more than a year proclaiming the sufficiently obvious fact that unless the Russian offensives are supported by action from the West, it cannot be assumed that the German power and the power—the gigantic power—of German-controlled Europe can be shattered by the efforts of the Red Army alone.

It is true to say that there exists in Britain a certain strain of cynicism regarding the motives and potential activities of the authorities in the West. It is a cynicism which, however unjustifiable, has been heavily underlined by the course of events in North Africa. And unless the change of mood resulting from that course of events is understood, it is impossible to understand the vehemence of British feeling regarding the North African situation and the continued absence of a serious diversion in the West. Or to understand the profound alarm lest once again the British and Americans fail, this time perhaps finally and fatally, to take advantage of the opportunities which the power and skill of the Red Army are constantly opening for them.

So the British reaction to the Casablanca conference may, I think, be reasonably summed up as: "This time wait and see, this time believe nothing until you see results."

IT IS a healthy and practical reaction. Efforts are being made in many quarters to use this natural British skepticism as a lever to create Anglo-American differences. These efforts are doomed to failure in the long run because the attempt to pretend that the negative elements of the situation are solely the product of the US State Department's ignorance of villainy is not really cutting a great deal of ice with the British public. That public has seen enough during the past years to enable it to take up a rather sharply realistic attitude to these questions. If it is told that only the Americans are responsible for the peculiar behavior of the powers in relation to North Africa in particular and to the problems of a global war in general, with special reference to the continued minimal activity in the West at the moment of the great Soviet offensive—if it is told that, the British public will nevertheless freely recognize that it is up to them, no less than to the American public, to see that this situation, this grossly humiliating situation, is ended as soon as may be.



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Soviet students cry "Chokotsa!" ("Good Friends!") in response to Rockwell Kent's proposal of a toast to a long Soviet-American friendship.

# MEET OUR GUESTS

***Rockwell Kent describes the unforgettable holiday season spent with the young Soviet students. How his up-state New York neighbors felt about their allies.***

WE LIVE in that mountainous part of New York which is proudly termed by its inhabitants "the North Country." It is the region of the Adirondacks. And we live on the particular 300-acre spot of that region which, because we have eyes with which to look at mountains, legs (there was a time we could have said a car) to climb them with, noses with which to scent the fragrance of balsam, pine, and spruce—and the will, incidentally, to think the best of whatever happens to be ours—we believe to be the nearest thing to Paradise of any spot on earth. We call it "Asgaard." To "Asgaard," then, came twelve of the fifteen students from the Soviet Union now attending Columbia University, whom we had invited to be our guests during the Christmas holidays—their first Christmas in America.

The invitation itself had been a thoroughly reckless, unconsidered act—sheer greed, perhaps, to have those Russians with us. But the excitement their acceptance brought us, the excitement of their arrival, and the continued and mounting good will, good hearts, good spirits, all 'round human goodness of themselves swept us along from breathless hour to hour, day to night and night to day again, to leave us after their departure lonely for the companionship that had gone from us, and dazedly happy at the recollection of such a Christmas as, for the Kents, had been the happiest Christmas of their lives. Thank you, dear Russian friends!

THIS is a story—not a program of festivities (for these were typical of countless American homes where children have been reared), not of what we ate and drank (for in few respects was it better and in many respects it was less good than what most fairly solvent farmers eat and drink at Christmas time). Nor is it a story about the Russians, a study of their characters and views; we held no interview. And the true passports of our guests were, beyond themselves, their native land. As to the first we had no need to ask, like a naive reporter, "What are you like?"; or, as to the second, and happily for them: "Do they allow freedom of worship in the Soviet Union?" or "How do the Russian people feel about Stalin?" To whatever questions we might have asked about their way of life at home—their people, education, government—they were themselves the answer.

This is a story, rather, about Americans; an account of how responsive even Yankee hearts can be. Of how, beneath that emotional suppression which is our pride, there is a smoldering warmth on whose release to freedom—for our good and the world's—we may depend as consequent upon the promised other four freedoms. It is a story of good will toward our allies which needed only that "object," which the students were, to manifest itself in cordial hospitality. It is a story of the general readiness of people, deeply misled and prejudiced, to see their error in the light of—better than reason—the students' living refutation of it all.

The girls in our kitchen, the men on the farm, Rotary—assembled in all the might, majesty, dominion, power of its doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, and clergyman—all made them welcome; and, having met the students, liked them. The students, I may add, liked them. They visited the local sulphide and paper mill, one of the oldest in the country; and came home laden with samples of its products. The superintendent of the Port Henry iron mine (Republic Steel, lessee) invited all to tour the works and be his guests for lunch. Fierce weather intervened. The weather, as they say down east, "was sumthin'!" It prevented our visit to the great Miner dairy farm, "Heart's Delight," at Chazy, and lunch there as the guests of Mrs. Miner. It kept us all at home on days we'd hoped to get abroad. And the cold—the cold, cold shoul-



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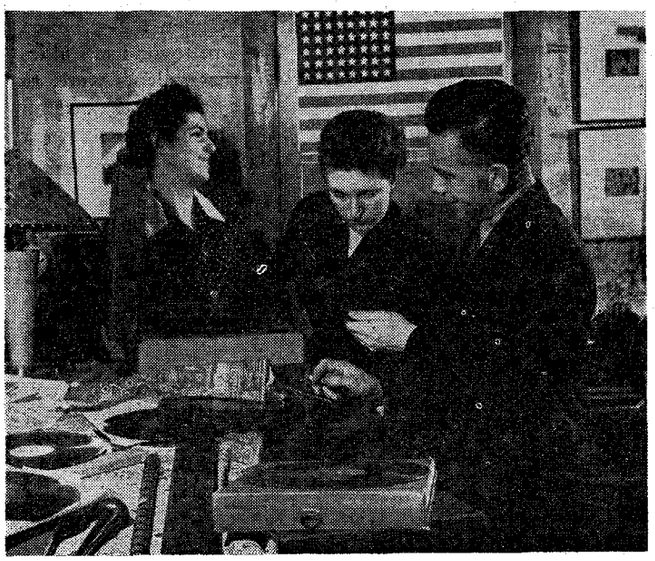
der of the entrepreneurs of Lake Placid—conspired with sleet and snow to keep that park of culture from the students' sight and Christmas memories.

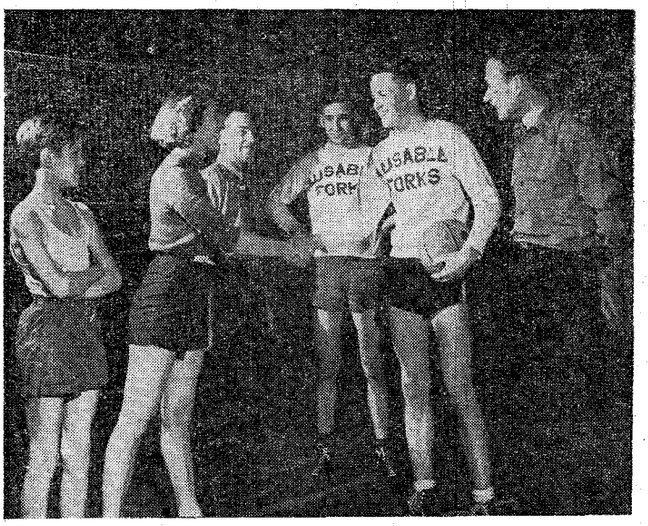
But "neither snow nor rain nor ice nor heat nor gloom of night," nor anything but the absence of the first, would have stayed us from the completion of our appointed tour of the countryside on an oldtime, horse-drawn sled, rigged with a hay rack and bedded deep with straw. Dressed for the cold in everything from reindeer parkas and bearskin pants to petticoats and old maids' shawls, twenty of us—and two dogs—piled aboard. And for four hours the hills of that Adirondack countryside echoed with the songs of Russia—and with Russian shouts and screams as Russian faces rolled in international snow. They found it all to be like home—this countryside, ourselves, our friends and, little wonder, what we drank: good, Russian vodka.

Those who attended the Anglican church on Sunday found that too to be like church at home. They liked the service and they liked the clergyman. And from the Catholic midnight mass on Christmas eve all came home radiant at the good words that had been spoken there.

Good words were read to them at home, for news of the students coming here had spread. On Christmas morning, breakfast over, and all seated in tense expectancy around the laden tree, we began, somewhat in the spirit of a solemn dedication of the day and of their presence with us, to read to our guests the greetings that had come to them from many of those of whom we could say with truth: "These are your best friends in America." There were letters from Joseph Curran, Reid Robinson, R. J. Thomas, Lewis Merrill, Joseph Selly; from Senator Pepper, Joseph North, Corliss Lamont, and Allen Wardwell for Russian War Relief; from Carey Longmire. So many letters there were, from friends we knew and friends till then unknown to us, that the reading of them became as a solemn, moving litany. "Dear Friends," wrote Harry Bridges: "A Merry Christmas to you and a Happy New Year. This is from my heart to you because you represent the most gallant people in the world, and because you and your nation have shown that the struggle to live and be free is going to succeed." And from Representative Marcantonio came, in conclusion to his letter, this: "It is with the deepest emotion that we wish you, your great army, your great people, the greatest blessings for the coming year—Victory for the arms of the United Nations, the destruction of fascist barbarism."



Listening to American jazz and folk music.



Vera Elkino is congratulated by local high school students on her volley ball playing.

Co-host with us, we told our guests, is the International Workers Order whose most generous gift of money has been spent on many of the things that we shall share during these holidays. Co-hosts with us are Corliss Lamont who sent us wine; the friend who sent our vodka, and the friend who gave the gin of which our Martinis (by, of course, the magic of your host's skilled hand) are made; the members of the Artists League of America who give you a whole gallery of their works; Helen West Heller and the United American Artists of Chicago by their prints; Bennett Cerf and Tom Maloney by their gifts of books. It is really the people of America, we tried to say, who are your hosts. And it is the farmers of this region—or two of them, at least—who are giving us our straw ride.

"Of course America is what we expected," Olimpiada Tronova had told a *PM* reporter. "That's because we've read books in Russia that were written to make us understand America. Begging your pardon, not like the books by American journalists about our country."

It is true: they think only good of us. How very much we have to learn of courtesy and human brotherhood!

Among our guests was Mikhail Iraevsky, an agricultural engineer, a farm expert. Among our things, our bric-a-brac, is a pottery curiosity which we have never used. Before our last dinner together Mikhail took down the curiosity and retired with it, alone, to the bar. He left it somewhere there and came to dinner. The food and wine were passed; we ate and drank. Then Mikhail rose. He clinked his glass.

"Dear friends," began Mikhail with that shy smile of his which always warmed the heart, "we of the Soviet Union and you of America have now such common interests that through better understanding of each other we should be closely united in bonds of friendship. In token of that union Rockwell and I, farmers, have contrived through blending the breeds of cattle of our two countries to produce a cow whose milk will gladden the hearts of us all and unite us in lasting bonds of friendship. One moment, please." He left the table.

When Mikhail returned he carried in his hand the pottery curiosity. It was a cow prettily painted with bright flowers and carrying suspended from the hooks that were part of her unique anatomy a lot of little drinking cups. Setting the cow down and removing the cups he revealed a tiny spigot in her udder. From this he filled the cups with a clear, light amber fluid. He passed the cups around. "Let us drink," said Mikhail, "to that friendship." We drank to it—in vodka! Our friendship by that toast was sealed.

Rockwell Kent.



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# LATIN AMERICA LOOKS AT US

***A quarter-billion people in the hemisphere want to know how to achieve a permanent "Good Neighbor" policy. Lombardo Toledano's proposals. An interview by John Stuart.***

*Mexico City.*

AT FORTY-NINE, Vicente Lombardo Toledano has lived half a dozen lives, each of them adding to his stature as leader of Latin American labor. You wouldn't think so to look at him. He has a brittle body crowned by a remarkable face. Almost melancholy, his eyes ask as many questions as his lips. For a moment I thought that the tables would be turned on me and that I was the one who would be interviewed. That perhaps comes from his training as a lawyer and one time teacher of law at the University of Mexico.

Lombardo's reputation as chief of a powerful international movement of organized workers rivals his achievements as an intellectual, educator, and public official. He is the author of a shelf of volumes ranging from *The Influence of Heroes in Social Progress* to a study of the *Fifth Column in Mexico*. At the University his student days are still remembered with amazement. He was one of seven students whose attainments brought them the label "the seven wise men." When you talk with him, if only for a few brief moments, you are not surprised that he was the director of the Central School of Plastic Arts or twice director of the National Preparatory School of the University. He has been a deputy in the federal legislature, governor of the state of Puebla—where he was born—and a member of the Municipal Council of Mexico City. All this in the ten years from the time he received his law degree in 1920.

From an office in the Workers University, of which he is the head, Lombardo now administers the Confederation of Latin American Workers (CTAL)—over 5,000,000 members strong and covering the whole of the hemisphere below the Rio Grande. He got his early training in labor organization in the Regional Confederation of Mexican Labor (CROM) from which he withdrew to help form the Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM)—the most important trade union body which has thus far existed in the country. He served as its general secretary until 1941.

THE story of Lombardo's trip to eight Latin American countries a few months ago is one of the most moving I have ever heard. The Mexican press, poisoned with hatred for him, howled warnings to Latin American capitals. He was a "firebrand"; he would turn the continent inside out. But Lombardo found a huge welcome everywhere. His job was to unify the trade union movement, cement it into a strong fighting force against the Axis, convince top government officials that they needed the support of the people for the successful prosecution of the war.

And everywhere he went he was embraced—that Latin American *embrazo*, which is as close to a bear hug and as filled with emotion and affection as anything I have ever seen. The peasants in their white cottons, the banana pickers, miners, dock-wallopers, bookmen inundated the airports at the time of his arrival. In Ecuador 50,000 workers and Indian peasants jammed the depot. In one village the first man to greet him was the local priest. "I come to welcome you as the man to help us fight against our two worst enemies—the assassin landlords and alcoholism."

In small towns holidays were declared while municipal authorities gave dinners in his honor. By grapevine people heard that Lombardo had come. And they left their scarred fields, their mountain huts, to shout "Viva."

IN CHILE he spoke—as he did everywhere, in bullrings, theaters, mining camps—at a colossal meeting where he urged the breaking off of relations with the Axis. In Colombia workers in 400 cars escorted him to the Ecuadorean border. And it is small wonder that Vice-President Wallace said of Lombardo that "Hitler would be glad to hand fifteen million dollars over to Lombardo Toledano, if he could be bought"—such is his influence in forging a hemisphere front against the Nazis. Back in Mexico City he reported the outcome of his trip at the government's Palace of Fine Arts. I came the day after the speech, but I am told that for almost five hours thousands sat entranced by his story.

Now he is on his way to the US (the New York City CIO will give him a din-

Vicente Lombardo Toledano



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ner on February 10, and on February 14 he will speak at the Martin Beck Theater with Pablo Neruda, distinguished Chilean poet and diplomat) to tell our government and labor officials what Latin America feels and thinks. He will make a public appeal to the AFL, the CIO, and the Railroad Brotherhoods for a Western Hemisphere conference for more effective cooperation in the war effort. For very close to his heart is the "economic development of the whole hemisphere for the benefit of all and each of the nations of the New World. . . . No right comes of itself. No prerogative in life is won without labor. The guarantee of the better world of tomorrow is the union of the workers and the union of our peoples. . . . Their complete solidarity in the future will be the guarantee of the progress of America and of the world."

The following are the questions I asked Toledano, and his answers:

*What in your estimation are some of the outstanding problems facing Mexico?*

As I see it one of our great needs is a plan for a war economy. Until now we have not achieved a program worthy of that name. The Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM), through its Committee of Economic Defense which I head, presented two studies to the government calling for the establishment of a plan which would meet the necessities of war. The program in essence advances the idea of state intervention in the principal aspects of our national economy. Without this control the battle against the high cost of living, against runaway prices, and for a just wage for labor is hopeless. Without this program it is almost impossible to prevent speculation in consumer goods.

Nor can we prevent the exportation of strategic materials or of goods fundamental for the life of Mexico. Such goods are now leaving the country without restriction or regard for the needs of national defense. We have proposed the control of production and distribution of vital goods not only in the interests of our people's welfare but in the interests of the most important industries here. Finally, we have proposed a classification of production with the objective of preventing the waste of those raw materials that can be used for the war but are now being used in the manufacture of things not essential to everyday life. This waste, by the way, has weakened our economic power in the struggle against fascism.

Also of equal importance, in my opinion, is a problem connected with the commercial relations between the United States and Mexico. In this respect we proposed a long time ago that within the general plan of a war economy Mexican exports to the United States be sold at a price that would make possible an improved standard of living for the workers who produce those goods. This should be done without detriment to employers' just profits or to state taxes. Until this is achieved, however, the situation of labor producing strategic materials, particularly minerals, becomes more acute, inasmuch as wages have not kept pace with living costs. This can lead to a state of general conflict which would have seriously damaging effects not only by paralyzing normal production but by making impossible increased output.

This is not merely a Mexican problem. It is generally true of Latin America. As an example I cite Bolivia—the gravest case which has arisen at the moment. And it would be lamentable to make this problem appear as a struggle against the companies producing vital war materials—a majority of which are United States enterprises—at a time when the workers in these industries would like to battle more effectively against the Axis. These workers are the most energetic anti-fascists in the hemisphere.

In addition we have proposed the opening of new sources of production still intact in Mexico. We have also suggested the greater utilization of thousands of craftsmen who are in economic difficulties throughout the country. They could be a considerable force cooperating with the war industry of the United States. We have promulgated other plans of this character which would serve to achieve victory and provide the means of reconstruction for the countries carrying the full weight of the war.

Politically our chief problem is that of unification of the diverse democratic sectors of the country on the basis of a clear and firm program. This is an overwhelming need in order to answer the reactionaries and fascists who are now adopting a course of frank provocation against the national government as well as the democratic institutions of Mexico. Here it is important that the democratic forces in the United States realize that the danger of these Mexican fascists is a danger for today as well as tomorrow. People in the United States should not look upon these Mexican fascists as representing a peculiarly Mexican tendency. From reports I have I know that many Americans consider them such. These Mexican fascists are also the real enemies of American democratic ideals.

We are seeking a Mexican national unity conceived not as a mechanical association of all those who live on Mexican soil. We want the unity of all democratic Mexicans in a real national, militant alliance against fascism. And for this it is of paramount importance that there be thorough-going explanations of the nature of the war to counteract the efforts of the fifth column, which is trying to isolate Mexico in every way possible from the United Nations.

*What feeds anti-Washington feeling here, and what in the United States makes for anti-Mexican feeling?*

It seems to me that the principal economic factor operating against good relations between Mexico and the United States is the absence of a mutual plan which would permit Mexico to extend its economic cooperation for winning the war and at the same time would demonstrate to Mexicans that the United States appreciates the value of her ally. The feeling is prevalent that the United States should be as concerned in bettering the social and economic conditions of the Mexican people as with obtaining Mexico's production. It is also indispensable that the United States utilize all means available to assure the Mexican people that the Good Neighbor policy is not merely for the present moment, but that it will also continue after the war. It is also necessary to prove that the Atlantic Charter is not merely a promise that has arisen out of the necessities of war but that it is also an historical promise that will be carried out in a loyal and solemn way. In other words, the important thing is that the unity between the American and Mexican peoples—as well as the unity of the rest of the Latin American people with the people of the United States—be a visible unity which does not restrict itself merely to diplomatic negotiations which are not understood by the people.

With these words I believe that I also answer the second part of your question. And I may add that the bad feeling, the lack of confidence that I notice, is one which the fifth column has stirred up by exploiting the anti-imperialist sentiment of the Mexican people.

*What are some of the principal means by which Americans can be of assistance to Mexico?*

Here again I have indicated the answer previously. But some things can be said in addition. Continental unity, the unity necessary to win the war and to win the peace, has until now been a thing from above among the governments. Nothing has been done to establish this continental unity from below—from among the people. Until now the only ones who have worked in favor of hemisphere solidarity among the peoples, thus contributing to the formation of a genuine American outlook for the present and future, are the workers—especially the members of the Confederation of Latin American Workers (CTAL) in the twenty sister republics of this hemisphere.

On the part of organized labor and the people representing the democratic groups of the United States—writers, artists, educators—there has not been one single act that could prove to the peoples of Latin America the desire of the people of the United States to help the rest of the inhabitants of the continent. The first essential is to win the confidence of the Latin American masses. This can be facilitated by constant travel to Mexico and other Latin American countries by men and women representing not the government but rather labor, people's organizations,



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artists of liberal and democratic persuasion. They should be able to explain what the real opinion of the people of the United States is in relation to inter-American life of the present and future and what the American people think about the postwar world. These steps would do much to cement unity of the peoples of the Americas.

*What is your opinion of the work of Washington's Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs in Mexico?*

It is not my desire to criticize the office of Nelson Rockefeller—a man of whom I have a high opinion. I limit myself to saying that perhaps due to a lack of real knowledge of what Latin America means or thinks, Latin Americans up to now have not felt anything that would mean bringing the United States closer to them to form a common continental consciousness.

*What is your opinion of President Roosevelt's message to Congress?*

President Roosevelt's speech is so broad and complex that I cannot give you my complete opinion in a brief answer. But there are some aspects of his speech that I would like particularly to underline. The most important one perhaps is the reference made to what the war is being fought for. His words affirm that the principal question of this conflict is the struggle between those who believe in humanity and those who do not—an old dispute between those who place their faith in the people and those who believe in dictators and tyrants. This is a very valuable opinion because it is precisely the essence of the war. It is also the basis of the hope that once tyranny and dictatorship are defeated, all the peoples of the world will be able to strengthen their democratic regimes and make use of their sovereign rights toward progress. This confidence of President Roosevelt in the people as the only source of justice and the only guarantee of progress is no different from the faith of Latin Americans who have been battling for these ideals for more than a century.

*In your judgment, what attitude must the United Nations assume toward colonial and semi-colonial countries?*

Undoubtedly we are not fighting just to destroy a powerful enemy but also to better the world of today. There are many countries that do not yet enjoy complete sovereignty or political liberty. They expect that their sacrifices will redound to the benefit of democracy not only in the domestic life of each country but also as the supreme guarantee of future international life. If the semi-colonial and colonial countries of the world do not achieve the right of self-determination after this war—in accordance with the Atlantic Charter—then the war will have been lost for the vast majority of the earth's inhabitants.

*I should like to have your view of the internal situation in the CTM and the prospects for labor unity within Mexico.*

The CTM will meet shortly in national convention to elect its new leadership. Different candidates representing different tendencies will be presented. But I am sure that this will in no sense provoke a split in the CTM and that all parts of the confederation will agree on a governing body representing the interests of all. As for unity between the CTM and other labor bodies of the country: there have been negotiations and there is already in existence a national labor council which has succeeded in bringing all groups closer and which can in the future produce a permanent organic unity.

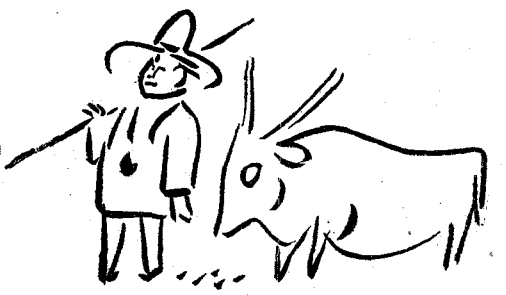
*How would you summarize the problems facing the CTAL?*

The problems that the CTAL is trying to solve at this time are multiple and important. First is labor unity in each country. In this connection, during my recent trip, I brought about unity in principle in Ecuador and Peru and complete unity in Bolivia. In a few months I think there will be a single labor federation in Peru. In other Latin American countries labor unity is already achieved—in Cuba, Colombia, Chile, Uruguay, and in Argentina—despite the fact that in the latter there exists a small group which because of its anarcho-syndicalist views will never participate in national trade union unity. There is also labor unity in Costa Rica.

Another problem for the CTAL is that of studying present-day and future problems. With this objective in mind, I will shortly make a trip to the United States and Canada to propose to the CIO, the AFL, and the Railroad Brotherhoods the need for a hemisphere congress of workers.

Another problem of the CTAL is that of world labor unity—at least among the United Nations—for the purpose of determining what the demands of labor should be when the question of future standards of living comes under discussion. For this reason the CTAL has established relations with the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Committee. The CTAL also wants to be a factor for cooperation of the workers of other continents to smooth the path to understanding among the workers of the world.

And if I may repeat, the CTAL is concerned with the status of workers producing strategic materials. The American government, the only purchaser of these products of Latin America, must concern itself with controlling the activities of the owners—many of whom are Americans—in order that their desire for profits does not raise serious barriers between the people of Latin America and the people of the US.



The CTAL is anxious to stop the bad treatment of Latin American workers cooperating with the United States in continental defense. There are at present at work on the Panama Canal thousands from Caribbean countries who function under a work system based on race discrimination—exceedingly dangerous for inter-American relations. And this, I repeat, creates a bad impression among Latin Americans. In no sense does it promote friendship among the peoples of the hemisphere.

There is great need to protect the Indian groups of Latin America. They are producing strategic materials principally in the mining zones and tropical regions. They are exploited by influential elements of their own countries as well as foreigners. In many places where the Indians live there is no food, much less living quarters or medical services. Some people have said that the Indians don't object. That is not true. Millions of Indians in Latin America are an important force among the people and their bad treatment only disturbs good inter-American relations.

And a matter of transcendental importance is that of organizing Latin American volunteers to go to the battle fronts. The CTAL has received many petitions from workers asking to go to the front lines to defend democratic ideals. In this respect the CTAL will shortly present a manifesto to explain what the contribution of Latin American workers will be, from the military point of view, independent of government programs or plans.

*What is your opinion of the lack of unity between labor groups in the US and the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Committee?*

This failure to cooperate is lamentable and prejudicial to the interests of the United Nations. If American labor is not aware that at this time it must associate itself with European and Soviet workers, a serious obstacle to the democratic unity of the future among all nations will arise. Organized Latin American labor considers that the isolationism of United States labor is harmful to itself. Even though the United States is great and powerful it cannot live without cordial relations with other peoples; it cannot live in isolation in the future, and it is precisely labor that must initiate this new era of international life on the basis of sincere and enthusiastic cooperation.

*In a forthcoming issue I shall try to describe Mexico's participation in the war and her struggle against the fifth column.*

JOHN STUART.



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# ERROR IN LOS ANGELES

***How the courts there helped the Axis short-wave propagandists in the trial of the seventeen Mexican-American youths. Playing into the hands of the Mexican fifth column movement.***

On January 13 the Axis radio beamed a curious short-wave broadcast to the peoples of the Latin American countries. It went something like this:

"In Los Angeles, Calif., the so-called 'City of the Angels,' today twelve Mexican-American boys were found guilty of a single murder and five others were convicted of assault growing out of the same case. The 300,000 Mexican-Americans of Los Angeles are reported up in arms over this Anglo-Saxon persecution. The concentration camps of Los Angeles are said to be overflowing with members of this persecuted minority.

"This is justice for you, as practiced by the degenerate democracies: a justice that demands seventeen victims for one crime. The pluto-democracies show by their deeds that they are not fighting for the freedom of the Latin Americans. They are fighting a 'gringo' war."

No doubt similar broadcasts were made to Latin America the day the seventeen defendants in the so-called "murder" trial were convicted. The Axis radio had been busy with ravings of this kind all during the course of the trial. In fact, the incitements became so serious that the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs sent a special representative, Walter H. C. Laves, to investigate the conduct of the trial in Los Angeles. The OWI also found it necessary to send a representative to caution the Los Angeles press on its handling of the trial. Specifically, newspapers were requested to delete from their accounts such inflammatory expressions as "goons" and "zoot-suited gangsters," which were playing directly into the hands of the Axis propagandists.

What are the facts of the trial itself? The prosecutions grew out of the death of one Jose Diaz, allegedly as the result of a "raid" conducted by twenty-two Mexican-American youths (five were later acquitted) upon a drinking party at the "Sleepy Lagoon" ranch near Los Angeles on the night of August 2. No real evidence of guilt in the case of any of the boys was established during the thirteen-week trial. None was identified as the assailant of the dead man. Not one of the "knives, chains, and tire irons," to which the press referred, was introduced in evidence; the only "weapons" produced in court were some lathes that could have been picked up by the police on any vacant lot.

On the other hand, there was evidence that before the twenty-two defendants arrived at the Sleepy Lagoon party a quarrel had developed among the roisterers, which ended in a serious fight; that during this brawl, Diaz was injured and, presumably overcome by beating and drinking, fell into the roadway and was run over by a car. The evidence was also clear that some of the defendants on trial had been severely beaten by the police in an effort to obtain "confessions." (The entire Los Angeles police force, at this writing, is under public fire for unprecedented brutality in the cold-blooded murder of one prisoner and the cruel slugging of others at the central jail.)

The trial was conducted in a markedly biased way. At one point, for example, the two deputy district attorneys prosecuting the case gave orders that the defendants were not to be allowed haircuts or changes of clean clothing. Obviously, the intention was to make the judge and jury feel that the boys were ill-kempt "hoodlums." Small wonder that the verdict was "guilty"—the youths had been convicted before the trial started.

This farcical piece of "justice" could take place only in Los Angeles—just as the attack upon the Sojourner Truth housing project in Detroit could take place only in the bailiwick of Father Coughlin and the KKK; as the attacks upon Jewish air raid wardens in New York City could take place only in the bailiwick of the Christian Front and the Bund. For it is in Los Angeles that a well organized fifth column movement operates, in the Mexican-American community, aided and abetted by outside native fascists. And the trial could take place only in the atmosphere of

Los Angeles Times
ARRESTED BOYS AND GIRLS RELEASED BY POLICE
Five Youths Taken in Roundup
Freed and Charges Dropped
Two Boys and Three Girls Found Not Involved
In Any Trouble and They Belong to No Gang
Arraigned
Case
War Labor Sessi
to Be Held

Indiscriminate arrests—one feature of Los Angeles police brutality toward Mexican-Americans.



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disunity and prejudice which the fifth column has created between the Anglo-American and Mexican-American sections of the population.

Nationally the character of the war and the increasing mobilization of all groups have begun to open many doors heretofore closed by prejudice. But in the Mexican community of Los Angeles a self-styled nationalistic organization is forestalling such unity, denying to the Mexican-Americans the benefits they would derive from participation in the war effort. This organization, in subtle ways, urges Mexican-Americans not to give their blood to the Red Cross bank, or buy war bonds, or participate in civilian defense and in war industry—because this is a "gringo" war.

This group is the Sinarquistas, closely modeled after the Falange of fascist Spain. Organized in 1936 as an "Anti-Communist Center" by the Hitler government, the Sinarquistas maintained direct contact with the Fichte Bund in Hamburg until the outbreak of the war. At one time the movement claimed a membership of 200,000 in Mexico.

From the outset, Sinarquismo opposed Pan-Americanism; it favored an anti-United States coalition of Latin American countries under the leadership of Spain, with the slogan "One Race, One Language, One Culture, and One Religion." It also opposed the bourgeois democratic program of the Mexican Revolution, working instead for a return of feudal landlordism.

Sinarquismo's sixteen-point program is almost identical with that of Father Coughlin's Christian Front. In fact, as late as September 1941 the fascist priest endorsed the Sinarquistas, telling readers of *Social Justice:* "Advocates of Christian social justice in America, Christian Americans who once dreamed of a national union to effect a sixteen-point reform, and who have watched the progress of the Christian States headed by Salazar, de Valera, General Franco, and Mussolini, *will want to hear further from Mexico's Sinarquistas with their 'sixteen principles' of social justice.*"

Sinarquismo now has important bases of operation in the southwestern United States—California, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. In Los Angeles the organization has an admitted membership of 800 under the leadership of Pedro Villasenor, who shuttles back and forth to Mexico for orders from his gauleiters there.

The Sinarquist offensive in Los Angeles has been two-pronged:

1. To create a political atmosphere of hostility and distrust toward the Mexican-American population—an atmosphere in which the seventeen boys were prejudged before their trial. (The fact that a large part of Los Angeles' Mexican-American population lives in a Jewish community on the east side of town has been utilized by the Sinarquistas to promote a wave of anti-Semitism that is having serious repercussions.)

2. To point to the trial of the seventeen boys (whose conviction the Sinarquistas secured) as proof that Mexican-Americans cannot get a fair break in "gringo" courts, that the most they can expect is to be beaten unmercifully by the cops—therefore why should they support the "Yankees'" war?

In achieving these objectives the Sinarquistas have been admirably aided by the local press, which turns "crime waves" off and on like water from a spigot to suit its front page requirements, and by certain Gestapo-minded elements on the Los Angeles police force. The week-end following the Sleepy Lagoon incident, the police threw a dragnet over the city and arrested more than 600 Mexican-American boys and girls in what the Los Angeles *Times* describes as "the biggest round-up since Prohibition days." Since then hundreds of these youths have been picked up on such flimsy charges as "suspicion" of robbery and violation of Los Angeles' dead-letter curfew law.

"I advocated months ago that we handle them like criminals," complained County Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, "but it is hard to make society understand that children can be treated like that."

The head of the sheriff's foreign relations bureau, Lieut. Edward Duran Ayres, advanced a uniquely vicious "biological theory" to explain a fancied wave of lawlessness, flashing back 600 years to the Aztecs to draw the conclusion that:

"This total disregard for human life has always been universal throughout the Americas among the Indian population, which, of course, is well known to everyone."

Still another member of the sheriff's official family, Chief Jailer Clem Peoples, authored a lurid piece for *Sensation* magazine of November, titled "Smashing California's Baby Gangsters," in which he referred to the boys as "evil-looking" and "blood-thirsty" savages.

IN THIS hate-filled, explosive atmosphere, Mrs. LaRue McCormick, a veteran anti-fascist fighter, announced her candidacy for state senator on the Communist Party ticket. Mrs. McCormick made exposure of the fifth column among the Mexican-American people the central issue of her campaign against Jack B. Tenney, head of a Red-hunting, "anti-subversive activities" committee. (It was this same Tenney who, after a closed hearing of his committee, whitewashed the Sinarquistas of any Axis connections.)

First of all, Mrs. McCormick pricked the "crime wave" bubble by citing county probation department statistics to show that there has been no increase of juvenile delinquency among Mexican-American youths. The total number of boys of Mexican extraction brought into juvenile court during the first six months of 1942 showed no increase over the figure for the corresponding period of last year.

Then, on her initiative, a Citizens' Committee for the Defense of American-Mexican Youth was formed, with Mrs. McCormick as secretary and a membership that included Philip M. Connelly, state CIO president; Carey McWilliams, authority on immigrant labor; Mrs. Will Rogers, Jr., wife of the newly elected congressman; Clore Warne, president of the local Lawyers Guild; Josephine Fierro de Bright, secretary of the Spanish-speaking People's Congress; Dorothy Comingore, star of *Citizen Kane;* Charlotta Bass, editor of the California *Eagle,* largest Negro paper in the West; Guy Nunn, minority groups representative of the War Manpower Commission; and Leo Gallagher, famous labor attorney.

The Citizens' Committee raised money for the boys' defense and trial and provided them with lawyers, organized their parents, launched a scrap drive in the Mexican community, visited the sheriff's office and police commission to protest the brutal treatment of the boys. In these activities the trade union movement was prominent, State CIO President Connelly leading the delegations that called upon the sheriff and police commissioners.

REALIZING that the present disunity fostered by the trial is a serious impediment to the war effort, other broad elements of the population, including private and governmental agencies, are interesting themselves in the problems dramatized by the trial. A committee of fifteen, appointed by the County Board of Supervisors and chairmanned by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. O'Dwyer of the Catholic Welfare Bureau, is currently advocating a program for the Mexican-American community which includes increased vocational training and job placement, adequate housing and recreational facilities, integration into civilian defense.

But as yet there has been no recognition of the fact that until the fifth column that preys on Mexican-Americans is rooted out, such programs are doomed to failure. Until the fifth column and its agents are smashed, there can be no unity of joint effort in a common cause between Mexican-American and Anglo-American sections of the population.

Unity also presupposes that the Mexican-Americans will not be treated as an oppressed minority requiring the patronage of a Lady Bountiful, but that they must be treated as manpower which is vitally necessary to win this war. Victory over fascism demands that the full energies of the Mexican-Americans be harnessed to the war effort.

TOM CULLEN.



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# A WOMAN GOES SHOPPING

MY MOUTH is still hanging open; my teeth are still rattling; my hair is still bristling with shock. But I read it in the New York *Times,* so it must be so.

"Butter," said the OPA, "is too scarce, at present, to be rationed."

I don't know. Could it be that *I'm* crazy? Sometimes, living down here in Washington, D. C., I begin to think my mind's slipping. Last week, for example, ex-Sen. Prentiss Brown took over his new job as Price Administrator, and according to our quaint local custom he called in the newspaper boys. The good senator dilly-dallied, quips and badinage were thrown around freely. But finally Mr. Brown got down to cases. "I hope," he said modestly, "to hold prices down to a six percent rise." There was more—Mr. Brown, speaking freely and frankly, allowed as how the price rise would be slow and steady and gradual. A half a percent there, a half a percent here, practically painless, and before you know it, everything you buy will cost you six percent more.

Well, I waited around impatiently for the next day's papers. I figured the editorial writers would give Mr. Brown hell. The welkin would be ringing, I innocently anticipated.

Only nothing happened. Nothing at all. Nobody seemed to think it was queer that a man just hired to stop price rises should begin his new job by announcing that prices were going to rise—six percent. Maybe all the editorial writers figured six percent was the merest triviality—Mr. Brown being ninety-four percent pure was about the best you could expect.

I THOUGHT that after Mr. Brown's remarks on his new job nothing could seriously stagger me on the Washington scene. But then the OPA came along with quaint opinions on butter. Butter, my friends, is too scarce to be rationed. Later on, the OPA thinks, if there's more butter around, maybe they'll ration it. Maybe not, too.

I told the lady who runs my grocery store about it. "Did you see in the paper where butter is too scarce to be rationed?"

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," the grocery store lady said. "Why don't you try soy beans? Soy beans are really tasty."

"Well—" I said. "What are you glad to hear? That butter is scarce or that it won't be rationed?"

"Nobody likes soy beans," the grocery store lady said. "I do just like it says in the pamphlet. Every customer I tell about soy beans. Everybody says, keep your soy beans, got a nice steak today? Also peanut butter. When I tell them they ought to have it with macaroni, honest, a lady in here yesterday just about fainted. What! she said. Peanut butter baked with macaroni? My God, what next! Well, I just told her, look it says in the pamphlet about soy beans and peanut butter—"

I put it to her directly. "Do you think butter is too scarce to be rationed?"

"If they don't do something," the grocery store lady said sharply, "I'm going crazy. Butter! Everybody wants I should save them butter. Yesterday a total stranger, a lady I never seen once before in my life, she comes in here and wants six pounds butter. You crazy, I said to her? Butter I frankly save for my *good* customers. Sure, I got a pound here, and a pound there. Goes to my best customers, and just so I'm fair, I get out the bills, and I figure who has the most spent in the store last week. To them goes my butter. And she wants six pounds. Ha! She says, well, then, half a pound, then. Not a chance I say. Like I told you, butter is for my *good* customers. She almost cries. Quarter pound? Outside, I tell her, unless you want to start trying to be a good customer. Then if you're good enough, maybe next week you can have butter."

The grocery store lady waved her sales book triumphantly. "She bought ten pounds of soy beans; I got her down on my list. Next week, if she keeps buying, she gets her butter."

I tried again. "Should butter be rationed, yes or no?"

The grocery store lady got red in the face. "I'm *telling* you. They ration sugar. Why don't they ration butter? Such crazy people."

"Look," I said firmly, "they can't ration butter because it's too scarce."

The grocery store lady goggled. "Huh?" she said.

"That's what it says," I growled. "Right in the paper."

"You must have got it wrong," the grocery store lady said politely, for I am, after all, one of her *good* customers. "See, it's when things get scarce they ration, understand? Butter is scarce, that's why they're going to ration it . . . only . . . WHAT?" said the grocery store lady all over again.

I told her again. She didn't believe me. She couldn't believe me. I showed her the clipping from the *Times*. Her eyes dimmed. She called to her husband. "Frank! Here it says, butter is too scarce, so that's why they don't ration it."

"Dope!" Frank said.

"Dope?" said Frank's wife with heat. "You think so? It says so, plain."

"Ha!" Frank said. "If you got a shortage, you ration it, see? That way it goes around, fair and square among everybody and you don't have hoarder hogs going around buying everything so ordinary people never have a taste of butter. Take us, now. We ration butter, yeah, but it goes to people who buy a lot and take if you have kids and can't afford extras like artichokes that run up your bill, of course we slip 'em a pound now and then, because you can't have kids and not have a little butter now and then—"

"Frank!" says Frank's wife. "This here is one of our *good* customers."

Frank pulled himself up in confusion.

"That's all right," I said shyly. "I think butter ought to be rationed, not passed out to people who buy artichokes, and anyway we do have children, TWO children. I'm sure I'm not hoarding butter, you ought to see how Patrick eats, and. . . ."

"Ach!" said Frank's wife, "that husband of mine! Sure you should have butter, and if it wasn't so scarce it would be rationed, and—"

"Listen," Frank yelled, badly nettled. "Are you crazy? Butter is scarce, so that's why they'll ration it."

"NO," the grocery store lady and I said in chorus, "that's why they won't ration it."

"Huh?" said poor Frank, goggling.

The Price Administrator says prices are going up. The Secretary of Agriculture says butter is too scarce to be rationed. It reminds me of the song of my youth. *Yes, We Have No Bananas.* Only that always used to make me laugh. Now I get mad when I turn over in my mind those famous last words, "Butter is too scarce. . . ." Housewives of America! Unite and fight! Butter must be rationed! Tell it to your grocer, tell it to your friends, and write the OPA that the times are too serious for whimsy. We want a sensible overall rationing program; and we want stabilized prices. Even on soy beans.



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# THE SAFE SQUAT

*Canny Mr. Kazin confounds progress with fascism in his "On Native Grounds." Literary criticism on the make. A review by Isidor Schneider.*

ON NATIVE GROUNDS, *by Alfred Kazin. Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.75.*

CLEAR evidence of the feebleness and apathy to which the literary reaction has reduced criticism is the reception given to this hollow and pretentious book. Not one reviewer in the literary supplements and the liberal and learned journals has so far shown enough stamina and critical conscience to toil through to its ideas, such as they are, and expose their reactionary character, the mean-spirited opportunism in which they are conceived, and the tasteless rhetoric in which they are expressed.

Like Buchmanism which, on the surface, no one "agin sin" could object to, there is little on the Kazin surface to object to. Who is not against carrying social consciousness to extremes, or against carrying estheticism to extremes? And on every literary issue Kazin's visible position is the safe squat in the middle.

As carried out in the long series of judgments of writers from Howells on, that make up the book, this Kazin plan has peculiar results. Strokes on the plus side are balanced off with strokes on the minus side, until a perfect zero appears, with the writer gone but Kazin intact, attitudinizing in the center.

Reducing writers to ciphers has more behind it, however, than a taste for critical doodling. The bulk of the literature so dealt with happens to have an insurgent, progressive, and frequently socialist content. To write it all off as futility serves a purpose apparently dear to Kazin, who professes to be writing moral as well as literary history, and who allows himself to be sufficiently the sociological critic to project this literary failure of progressivism as the reflection of a larger failure on the political and economic levels.

KAZIN gets this home cautiously, by implications. That safe squat in the middle must not seem to be complete acceptance of status quo whose inequities even open NAM apologists acknowledge. Against these inequities, sublimated by Kazin in the abstraction "materialism," he intones with all the ceremonial distress of a society preacher. Mr. Kazin is adroit in keeping up the spiritual appearances that enable one simultaneously to be a lead reviewer for the New York *Times,* literary editor for the *New Republic,* and book taster for *Vogue,* subtilizing the smugness common to all three. Kazin asserts nothing, but since all progressive action is pictured as ending in futility, status quo gets in by default. And if status quo does not stay put, if it drives toward the "extremity," as Kazin likes to call it, of fascism, no matter. Kazin gives the impression of hugging to the status quo, no matter where it takes him.

Acceptance of status quo becomes almost explicit in such phrases as this on Dos Passos:

*"All right we are two nations* [the rich and the poor, I. S.]. And like the scaffolding of hell in *The Divine Comedy* they are frozen into eternity; for Dos Passos there is nothing else, save the integrity of the camera eye that must see this truth and report it, the integrity and sanctity of the individual locked up in the machine world of modern society."

In itself such sense as there is in this mouthful, with its hell, blizzards, and eternity, can properly apply only to Dos Passos' defeatist, last and worst writing. It is significant that Kazin, to safeguard his political point that there is no hope for the resolution of the class struggle, evades giving a judgment on these last writings of Dos Passos; just as, for a similar reason, he avoids all mention of Dreiser's politics.

Dos Passos is important to Kazin. As the most eminent of the writers influenced by the left, who turned against it, Dos Passos is usable as symbol. With a literary image of Dos Passos as his ventriloquist's dummy Kazin tells the reader: *The struggle is as hopeless as the conflict is eternal. The superior man turns to making his own good life privately.* Rugged spiritual individualism!

CONVICTION of the futility of action so pervades Kazin's thinking that he is capable of writing: "In a world in which institutions and states now began to fall with such *passive* [my italics] regularity. . . ." This

of a time tumultuous with the heroic resistance of China, Ethiopia, Spain, Poland, Greece, Yugoslavia, and the ferment in England itself that smashed appeasement!

Only in dealing with the left does the cautious Kazin come into the open, exhibiting there the degree and kind of courage shown by those in eighteenth century London who stopped to jeer at Dissenters in the pillory. Making "extremities meet," he stretches socialist indignation to overlap fascist violence and the socialist direction of industry to overlap Nazi slave labor. Thereby Hearst's latest edition of the Bolshevik bogey, the "communazi," is provided by Kazin with forged documentation to make it acceptable to intellectuals. Kazin even makes "communazi" retroactive to poor old Bellamy!

"So Bellamy . . . [author of *Looking Backward,* the Utopian novel picturing a future socialist society, I. S.] unconsciously anticipated the conscripted labor armies of the GPU and the Nazi Labor Front. . . ."

The popular Socialist novelist Jack London is "communazied" in another way:

"He was a prototype of the violence-worshipping Fascist intellectual if ever there was one in America."

From individual Socialist writers he proceeds to insurgent and progressive movements:

"In some respects the seeming demagoguery of Populism anticipated the Know-Nothing native Fascists of our own time."

"He (Veblen) despised the Progressive movement and presciently regarded it as reactionary."

Another group of Socialist authors gets a twisting on the "communazi" pattern:

"There was a fascination with energy in the Progressive period, with men who did things, *big* men, that was reflected in Dreiser's and Norris' tributes to the massive titans of the time, in Lincoln Steffens' growing impatience with democracy and impending admiration of dictatorship." Kazin substitutes the word "democracy" for the word "reform," thereby falsifying Lincoln Steffens' position; and Steffens did not admire dictatorship, he admired the Soviet Union for its extensions of democracy.

On the theory that "extremities" meet, Kazin contrives meetings between critics of the left and what he calls "formalists,"—esthetes, and traditionalists, chiefly reactionaries, some open in avowal of fascist sympathies.

"But extremities always meet, as it is in



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the literature and politics of extremity that our time has found its key symbols of power and disaster."

"The Marxists thought of literature as a military weapon in a planetary war but ultimately treated it as a game. The Formalists gave their textual analyses the character of a game, but they were always playing for higher stakes than most people knew."

"Allen Tate's South [the aristocratic, pre-industrial South, I. S.] was remarkably like Mike Gold's Russia."

The sheer stupidity of the last citation is equalled only by the loathsome falseness of the following:

"Superficially the hysterical joy with which so many writers embraced the revolutionary cause proved only that they were men of good will, which was perhaps as true of Ezra Pound in the arms of Mussolini as it was of Henri Barbusse in the arms of Stalin."

LET us analyze this monstrosity.

Not only Barbusse, but Pound, would resent being considered comparable men of good will. Pound would resent the epithet itself. All his life he has gloried in ill will, in contempt for humanity. His lifelong quest for the exotic, the *recherche,* and the decadent, was for the purpose of assembling a cultural milieu in which an elite could exist apart from the mass.

Barbusse, on the contrary, lived and expressed love of humanity. His quest, in culture, was to bring about such extensions of it and such uses as would unite mankind.

The more deeply one studies the life and work of these two men, the greater grows the distance between them. The different political directions they took were previsioned in their books. The obvious furthest point between them is just where Kazin, with his puling little "communazi" device, would contrive a meeting.

This is all too obvious for such a knowing little man as Kazin to have missed it out of honest ignorance. In this instance, as in others, it is not in caprice that he violates the first principle of his craft, that of bringing clarity, and instead spreads confusion. He is serving his political purpose which is to confound Communism in particular and progressive thinking in general, which he holds in contempt, with fascism, which everybody despises.

SIGNIFICANTLY, it is only when Kazin links it with Communism that he seems to find the "extremity" of fascism reprehensible. Elsewhere he deals courteously and even reverently with fascists and reactionaries. Thus, of More, one of the "masters" of the New Humanism which Kazin characterizes as being ". . . to the Oswald Mosleys of the time . . . an invitation to a fascism run by gentlemen," he writes:

"To understand why More thought it 'Rousseauistic selfishness' for workingmen to ask for higher wages or virtually criminal to encourage Jane Adams' social settlement work among the poor, is to understand how far his passion for a disembodied orthodoxy carried him."

What was disembodied about it? Perhaps Kazin finds a similar passion for disembodied orthodoxy in the gross humor of More's spiritual brethren among today's reactionaries who reject a postwar world in which we would force milk on Zulus.

Or this, again, of More:

His essays ". . . have an absolute integrity, a devotional tone, as it were, that is like the silent radiance of the Puritan divines."

Silent radiance! There was nothing silent about the Puritan divines and their radiance was mostly hell fire! But it is notable that Kazin finds in a repulsive and peevish Tory critic such a thing as "silent radiance."

As notable is his discovery of the "sufferings" of the southern reactionary critics. Reactionary is a word they court. The best known among them gave the title, *Reactionary Essays,* to his book of criticism. Of them Kazin intones: "In the fact of their suffering lay their claim to distinction, the necessary clue to the profundity and courage of their break with a system bred in materialism and inextricably bound to it."

I am aware, of course, of the sufferings of a princess with a pea under her seventh mattress; and that a Kazin could palpitate for her anguish. It takes a real saturation of sycophancy to honor the studied fantastics of the southern reactionary critics, to see in such a wrinkling of aristocratic noses courage and suffering and profundity. Moreover the "system bred in materialism" has never minded such breaks with it and very considerately provides, from its material stores, substantial upholstery to cushion the sufferings.

It will not surprise the reader that Kazin's comparison of Marxist extremity with the "extremity" of the "formalists" is all to their advantage. To Kazin their "traditionalism" gives them "a centrality and order of belief superior to Marxism."

WHEN dealing directly with the left Kazin resorts to such frantic malice one is at a loss to account for it. Does he feel still unsafe in his triple-bolted *Times, New Republic,* and *Vogue* security?

Even when divested of its frenzy his picture of the left remains pure fantasy. The left, according to Kazin, had control over the publishing milieu and for several years wielded a literary Red Terror. But it was deficient in talent, and subserved literary to political values. Its only life was factionalism by which it soon consumed itself—and good riddance!

It would be silly to confute this fantasy except that it is so often repeated by such refugees from the terror as John Chamberlain. In the heyday of the left, aside from its own small and boycotted press, it had access, on almost normal terms, to space in one liberal journal. In newspaper book sections, its writers had to use a muted tone; and the appearance of work by their writers in other magazines was a cause for excitement. Of the commercial publishers a few dabbled in proletarian books but the dabbling was gingerly. The majority of the press was hostile, particularly the New York *Times,* all-powerful in bookstore and library circles. The established columnists were at best condescending. The one "proletarian" novel chosen by a book club was adversely reviewed in the left press.

Careerists who turned leftward quickly faced about. The pickings were too poor. And as soon as the reaction felt strong enough it used the Red smear not only to shut literary doors to writers of the left, but to hound them out of teaching, WPA, and other jobs. In this they had servile cooperation from the liberal press.

The truth is that, despite its brief and limited opportunity, the left produced or influenced virtually every significant writer of our time; and so established the inter-relationship of literature and society that Kazin himself writes within its terms. The enforced absence of the left from the literary life of our day has been a cultural disaster. The "cold" pogrom against it, for which Kazin has knotted his new "communazi" knout, has left a void which only degeneration and sycophancy are at hand to fill.

YET, despite his tirades against the left, tirades whose intellectual level is that of malicious gossip, there is nowhere in the book any strong feeling for literature or for ideas—any ideas. His criticism is negative, directed mainly against what might discommode the beneficiaries of the status quo. Its "moral" tone —how Kazin butters himself with that word—is theirs, the classical moral tone of the possessors who have always, from their soft seats, railed against the "materialism" of the underprivileged striving to attain some grace and freedom in their lives.

The opportunism of this content is matched by the method. Though his book covers several generations of American writing, Kazin is seismically alert to the literary market balance of today. The text is larded with approving references to currently strategic editors and reviewers.

But Mr. Kazin is canny. The references, where they contain quotations, are very plain statements; otherwise they are paraphrased. Mr. Kazin will have no competing cleverness. This young man, furiously on the make, is determined to shine alone.

The same procedure is followed with the writers whom he analyzes. With few exceptions, the parts devoted to praise contain no quotations; but the parts devoted to blame contain examples of ineptitude or exaggeration. Set against Mr. Kazin's conscious bursts of glitter at these points they serve his main purpose.

One result of this ungenerosity is to intensify the nullification of the writers. It may be considered a function of criticism to stimulate the reader to go on and read for himself. The large heart and mind that characterize great criticism seek to bring about such a union of writer and reader. But not Mr. Kazin. Almost pathologically intent on being a one-man



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show, instead of introducing the writers to his readers, he finishes them off, one after the other, in a strictly solo performance, strenuously "brilliant" to the last page.

That Kazin's reviewers dwell so much on this "brilliance," as well as their unawareness of its drift, is evidence to me that they did not read the book. Kazin's way of making a point is to restate it in exhausting variations of epigram and metaphor. The 500 close pages of unshaded 200-watt "brilliance" make it almost unreadable. Ten pages at a stretch was all I could go.

The characteristics of Kazin's style are long sentences, often in pompously classical balances, words that are longer, or more dramatic than are necessary, a surfeit of figures of speech, irrelevant erudition, all leading to frequent misuses of words, mixing of metaphor, and half knowledge that exposes ignorance. Kazin, for example, uses the four-syllabled word "extremity" instead of the two-syllabled, and correct, word "extreme," and the foreign "chevalier" instead of cavalier ("florid Southern chevalier").

Pretentiousness leads him to melodramatic vocabulary and mixed metaphor, as for example:

"The *frenzied* Oliver Optic mind *stammering* its way to the *forlorn* middle class *victory* of money and status." [My italics. I. S.]

And the absurdity of the ignorant comparison of Faulkner and Tolstoy:

". . . A provincial whose roots are so deep that the very depth and intensity of his immersion have made for a submarine cosmopolitanism of the spirit."

Here his fever for polysyllables led Mr. Kazin to drop "root" for "immersion" which betrayed him into "submarine" instead of "subterranean" and to the comical confusion of earth and ocean. Similarly, straining for effect leads to the misuse of "inexact" in: "As a critic he was moving, eloquent, stimulating, —and *monstrously* [my italics] inexact," which calls up irrelevant images like that of a gorilla with a stop watch. One can be many things monstrously but hardly "monstrously inexact."

DISPLAY of knowledge leads Kazin into other pratfalls. It is not enough for him to write that the American had been in panics before, he has to add, like the class crammer, "—1857, 1875, 1893, 1907."

Nor is Kazin above exploiting vulgar prejudices for his effects:

"In his day Stephen Crane stood as the 'marvelous boy' in the tradition of Chatterton, Keats, and Beardsley—the fever-ridden, rigidly intense type of genius that dies young, unhappy, and the *prey* of *lady biographers*." [My italics.]

Crane's biographer was Thomas Beer. One asks was Shelley less the prey of Andre Maurois than Keats of Amy Lowell?

Again, "And as one remembers not the cities that Tamburlane sacked, but the character that drove him to conquest and the *Oriental* world that made that character possible." [My italics.]

With equal precision one could speak of the *Occidental* world that made the character of Hitler possible. Actually Tamerlane's character was formed in a nomadic world remote from what could be called the "Oriental" world of his time. It is in such exhibitions that Kazin exposes the half-digested, twice-shouted character of his learning. I have pages of additional citations but there is no need to press the point.

IN ITSELF the Kazin book would not be significant. Pretentious books have appeared before, and careerists before have maneuvered themselves into snug niches. But always before there have been critics with sufficient integrity to make a conscientious assay. The alarming thing is that in the journals that reach the majority of the reading public no such assay has been given. That reading public has received nothing but false reports.

What a spectacle! A book whose main purpose is a destructive repudiation of the democratic forces in our literature, a book tender to tendencies that admittedly encourage fascism, is, during the very midst of our war for democracy against fascism, given the critical sanctions that will assure it a place in libraries, college reading lists, etc.

It is my conviction that this is mainly a sin of omission; that our critics are suffering from the apathy to which the years of the reign of reaction has condemned all our literary life. They must be shaken out of that apathy, and soon!

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

## Brief Review

BEHIND BOTH LINES, *by Harold Denny. Viking. $2.50.*

THIS is a self-exposure of dullness and shallowness by a favorite reporter of the New York *Times*. Denny was captured by Rommel's tank corps; he was transferred to the Italians; shipped to Rome; was probably on the verge of being freed when the Japanese attacked at Pearl Harbor; was surrendered to the Gestapo and taken to a Berlin prison; was kept incommunicado three weeks; gently questioned for another two weeks; restored to the Italians for an exchange deal with the American Embassy still functioning in Rome; placed in a very decent prisoner of war camp; and after ten weeks entrained for Lisbon and home. Wouldn't you imagine this adventure would make one of the rousing tales of the war? Denny was behind both lines, he saw Rommel, he saw battle, he saw men in victory and in defeat, he saw the enemy home-front, he was in prisons in Germany and Italy, he lived with Allied prisoners of war and was in a position to note their profoundest hopes and adjustments. And yet, he came home with what is probably the most boring book of the war. It takes a reporter of creative imagination to understand events and to be excited by them. This book proves that Denny, whose accounts of the Soviet Union so frequently falsified reality, just never had it in him.



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# COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN

*A fine film depiction of the Norwegians' struggle against their conquerors, and of the fighting Commandos. The Nazis as they really are. . . . Reviewed by Joy Davidman.*

WAR films have hit a new high with *Commandos Strike at Dawn*. Powerfully written by Irwin Shaw, powerfully acted by Paul Muni and the capable cast surrounding him, this film of the fighting Norwegian people says, at last, exactly the right things about an occupied nation, about quislings, and about Nazis. The Commandos of the title supply magnificent fighting scenes at the picture's climax; but the picture is not really about them. Instead, it is the story of a Norwegian fishing village fighting for its life, and it is not fantastic to say that both Norwegians and Nazis are treated with the force and the understanding that some of us missed in *The Moon Is Down*.

The Norwegians of *Commandos Strike at Dawn* are straightforward, friendly, peaceable people. They do not think of themselves as heroes and warriors; they do not even think, in 1939, that what is going on in the great world concerns them particularly. Only one excitable middle-aged man persists in discussing politics. He talks of danger at a wedding feast, and gets himself laughed at. "The herrings will run, Germans or no Germans," says an old fisherman.

And then, suddenly, there are Nazi officers in front of the inn, welcoming the Norwegians into the New World Order and warning them that anyone out after curfew will be shot. The first reaction is bewilderment. They are law-abiding people; they assume that law and order will go on. But the politically-minded old man is seized; the blankets are stolen; the young men are shipped off to work in mines; the boy who tries to escape in his boat is shot. Then the villagers gather, after dark, and make plans.

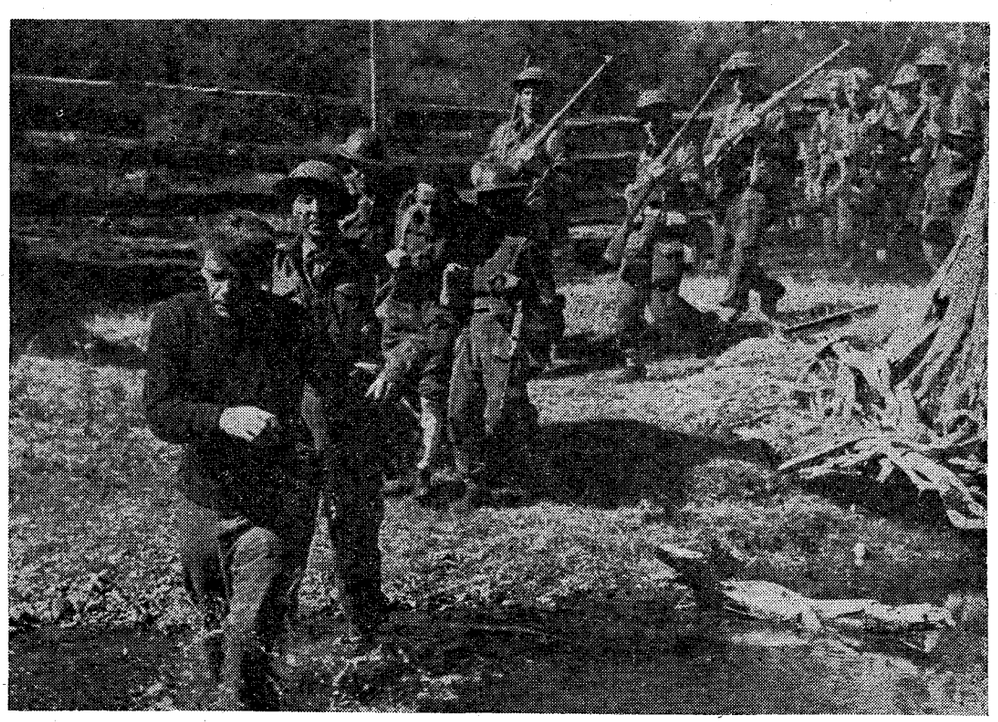
They are men who have hardly struck a blow in anger in their lives. The local meteorologist—Paul Muni—is a quiet fellow, devoted to his motherless small daughter, too wistfully shy to propose to the English girl he loves, in spite of her encouragement. The local schoolteacher and minister are quiet men. The new bridegroom joins them; and the old fisherman who thought the herring would always run; and the politically-minded one, returned a beaten and shattered wreck from Nazi "questioning." The innkeeper joins them too.

These quiet men proceed to organize sabotage. In brilliant, quick shots the film gives us some idea of that sabotage. Trains are dynamited, planes burned. A memorable sequence shows a very old man reading his Bible. A Nazi officer comes to ask for directions. The old man tells him carefully which road to take. Then the car roars off into the night, and we watch the old man's listening face until there is a crash and an explosion; and he goes peacefully back into the house with his Bible.

ALL this culminates in the neat removal of a Nazi colonel by Paul Muni. In his flight he discovers a secret Nazi air base. To get news of this to England, he gathers his friends and sets out in a small boat. But the innkeeper is a traitor. The character of this traitor is quickly sketched, but effectively. He is a curious compound of dishonor, vanity, and childish admiration for the powerful Nazi bosses. How his countrymen deal with him is one of the grimmest but also one of the most beautiful moments in *Commandos Strike at Dawn*. Here, too, effective use is made of offscreen sound.

The final attack of the Commandos on the air base is also a curiously beautiful thing. There is a meadow on a mountaintop, surrounded by pines; such a hilltop clearing as may be seen anywhere in New England. A familiar, pleasant, peaceful place, where you expect nothing wilder than a rabbit, nothing noisier than a cow. To see the savage hand-to-hand fighting of the Commandos raging in such a field is to gain a more intimate understanding of battle and a cauld grue down your spine. And very blood-curdling fighting it is; even the explosions of hand-grenades, so familiar on the screen, seem rather more meaningful in these scenes than ever before.

But *Commandos Strike at Dawn* is not just a film of splendid action. In its discussions, its scraps of overheard conversations, its wordless records of Nazi behavior, the picture gets the issues of the war clearly stated. One point is made which is all too often ignored these days—the Nazi officer is worse than the Nazi soldier. The soldiers are brutal automata on duty, disgruntled louts off duty; they resent the luxuries their commanders indulge in, they miss the well water of the farm at home. Far from lovable, they are nevertheless rather pathetic brutes. But their officers have a conscious malignity like that of a green mamba. They are superb illustrations of the fact that it takes more wickedness to pass an unjust death sentence than it



The Commandos have taken the airfield and are returning to the village to rescue the hostages. Paul Muni, as a Norwegian patriot, acts as guide. From "Commandos Strike at Dawn."



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does to fire the gun. *Commandos Strike at Dawn* distinguishes itself by a realistic view of the German army.

Discussion in detail somewhat obscures the simplicity and unity of the film. If there is a jarring note, it is the presence of the too-vivacious Anna Lee as the meteorologist's English sweetheart. Everything else, however, is harmonious—the direction, the score, the somber and sincere acting, the terse and vivid dialogue. The result is an emotion that takes you by the throat.

"CHINA GIRL," on the other hand, is a hangover from the late bad manner of making war films—a new background but the same old puppets. This one was written by Ben Hecht, and even he can do better. There is something a little sickening in the contemplation of film-making minds that see in China's struggle nothing more than an opportunity for Miss Gene Tierney, who acts exclusively from the neck down. The film has set speeeches of praise for China's heroism, right enough, and set speeches against the Japanese, with Victor McLaglen as a sinister Japanese spy. It even has some effective studies of Japanese atrocities. But the Flying Tigers and the Chinese people are an excuse for our old enemy, the East-meets-West love affair. Miss Tierney, who impersonates a Chinese girl rather as a penguin might impersonate a nightingale, first rejects and then warms to the ill-mannered advances of the film's American hero, only to die tragically lest East should really marry West and throw a scare into the Hays Office. It has not occurred to the film's producer that its very title is patronizing; that its praise for China is contradicted by an adherence to the convention that East can't marry West. But plenty of other things failed to occur to him also.

THROUGH inadvertence, this department's review of *Journey for Margaret* failed to credit its authors for their superb job of writing. David Hertz and William Ludwig, who adapted the W. L. White novel, deserve both the highest praise and my apology. Hollywood writers, bucking the conveyor-belt system of film-making, need not be forgiven too readily for their boners, but certainly are entitled to double rewards for their successes.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

# Duke Ellington

## *"Black, Brown, and Beige" is "Red, White, and Blue."*

TWENTY years ago Edward Kennedy Ellington, nicknamed the "Duke," came out of the South with a five-piece dance band. Last week Ellington gave a concert at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of Russian War Relief. His band consisted of sixteen men, including three of the original five. In the span between two wars, he has created a music and an idiom as personal as a Mozart signature. In all that time he has never compromised his work or his ideas for the sake of commercial "swing" music. Consequently he is one of the few famous bands, if not the only one, that still continues to play authentic jazz. His music reflects the beat and tone of Negro life in America.

So his debut at Carnegie Hall was an important cultural event and, to the thousands that jammed every corner of the huge hall, a rewarding one. Such numbers as "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Rockin' in Rhythm," are not only Ellington at his best, but contain a combination of arranged music and improvisation that is jazz at its best. "Portrait of Bert Williams," one of his new numbers, is a moving evocation of the brilliant pantomimist.

The main dish of the evening, however, was a loosely constructed, fifty-minute composition called "Black, Brown, and Beige." The Duke himself, careful to distinguish between it and symphonically constructed music, calls it a "tone parallel in the history of the American Negro." Divided into three parts, the first deals with the Negro in slavery, making use of work songs and spirituals; the second, with the emergence of the Negro into urban life, utilizing the blues beat; and the third, with contemporary Harlem, weaving old Ellington tunes into a solid finale.

The music is best in the last two sections, creating as it does in the second movement one of the most successful pieces of serious music based on the blues. In this section the playing of Ellington's jazz virtuosos stands out beautifully: the throaty, human-voiced trombone of Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton; the savage trumpet of Rex Stewart; Johnny Hodges, one of the great jazz players of all time, and his nostalgic alto sax; and Betty Roche, articulating the mood of the music with "The blues ain't nothin' but a dark cloud markin' time." The section dealing with Harlem opens with a cacophony, a screaming and caterwauling that mirrors the tourist misconception of Harlem. But "There are more churches in Harlem than ginmills," Ellington points out, and the music soon falls into Ellington's familiar pattern of jazz, reflecting his way of saying that the Negro is part of American life, and what he calls "Black, Brown, and Beige," is really "Red, White, and Blue."

The concertos, or small pieces built around the individual musician, filled out the rest of



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the evening. Chauncey Haughton, Ellington's present clarinetist, took the stage for "Are You Stickin'," a number written around his predecessor, Barney Bigard. Haughton is no Bigard, and the difference was obvious. The same could be said for Alvin Raglin, beating out "Jack the Bear" on the string bass. Raglin is good, but he was trying to fill the shoes of the late Jimmy Blanton, who had few equals in his field.

In the main, these solos showed the Ellington influence as well as the individual brilliance of each performer. It is further to the Duke's credit that he refused to be at all awed by the formal tone of Carnegie Hall. It was just another place in which to play music for his friends.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

## All-Russian Concert

***The Philharmonic Symphony Society and three generations of composers.***

"ALL great music comes from the people." Thus wrote Wagner in 1848. This basic truth sheds great light upon the nature of the music of three generations of Russian composers whose works were presented at a rather unusual concert given recently at Carnegie Hall. "Pictures at an Exhibition" by Moussorgsky orchestrated by Ravel, "The Nightingale's Song" by Stravinsky and "Symphony No. 6" by Shostakovich were performed by the Philharmonic Symphony Society under the energetic direction of Fritz Reiner. Mr. Reiner, however, seemed to lack emotional contact with the composers whose works he was directing and with the audience.

These three composers represent three periods in the social and musical history of Russia. Moussorgsky, who was born in 1839 and died at forty-two, was rooted completely in the life and music of the people of his country. His music is essentially vigorous and healthy though with a great sensitivity that was accentuated by suffering. This gives his music its great emotional range of utter despondency, powerful peasant humor, and tremendous majesty. Moreover, the conciseness with which he could express all these things reflects the simplicity and directness with which peasants throughout the world express themselves. They do not waste words. Neither does Moussorgsky waste notes.

In his "Pictures at an Exhibition," Moussorgsky describes in his unique and masterful way the sound of unhatched chicks, the squabbles at the market, the tragic conversation between the rich Goldenberg and the poor Schmuyle, the lumbering Polish oxcart driven to the accompaniment of a marvelous peasant work song. He expresses a childish impishness in the pictures "Gnome," "The Hut on Fowl's Legs," and in "Tuileries." He stands in awe before the "Old Castle" and "The Catacombs," and particularly before "The Great Gate at Kiev" where the music swells in grandeur until it reaches its wonderfully rich


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and powerful climax with the triumphal opening of the heavy and majestic portals of the city. This is the music of the nineteenth century Russian people.

In complete contrast to this, Stravinsky, who was born in 1882, the year following Moussorgsky's death, reflects the clever and sophisticated city intellectual who writes rather with his brains than with his soul. He develops the art of composition and orchestration to the highest degree but he has little to say with it except when he goes beyond himself. It is significant that two of Stravinsky's greatest compositions, "The Rites of Spring" and "Petroushka," are based largely on folk themes and rhythms. Stravinsky thus represents the decaying elements of prewar and postwar society whose emotional emptiness and isolation from the people they vainly try to cover by intellectualistic techniques. "The Nightingale's Song" is a series of charming but at times insignificant bits put together rather indiscriminately. The effect is a kind of modernistic musical impressionism. Though of our age, what he says means less to us than when Moussorgsky spoke, for Moussorgsky was not clever but fundamental. Present Moussorgsky's work with a less colorful orchestration than Ravel's and it would not change the power of the music. Take the color out of Stravinsky's orchestration and the piece would practically crumple up.

In 1906, when Stravinsky was twenty-six years old, Shostakovich was born. He was only eight when World War I began, and eleven when the Russian Revolution broke out. He reflects therefore in his music a social conflict which at times threatens to engulf him in chaos. There is the new world growing up about him which he partly expresses in his energetic, though somewhat disorganized, First Symphony. But there is also the unwholesome, disintegrating, esoteric, and highly individualistic music of the postwar middle class which, torn away from its nineteenth century foundations, was floating around looking for a spiritual anchor. This music no composer could ignore—in fact, had to know. For it contained within it fundamental developments of music theory and craftsmanship. But in absorbing this essential element, Shostakovich also absorbed much of the decadent, culminating finally in his morbid *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*. After many


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performances this opera was withdrawn because it became clear that such a type of music, portraying essentially the cynical and ugly, could not become the basis of a great music.

All great music is essentially positive (even though it may be tragic). All other elements must be secondary. For the essence of life is one of positive existence. Under the influence of the new social order in which he grew up, under the pressure of thousands of admirers from all over the Soviet Union who wrote to him urging him to utilize the great heritage of folk music and saying in their way that "all great music comes from the people," Shostakovich finally took an important step in the more positive direction in his effective and colorful Fifth Symphony.

In his Sixth Symphony, Shostakovich continues partly along the same path. But at the same time he is grasping for something else. In the first slow movement he tries to reach a great emotional depth. In this he partly succeeds. "Here are harmonic sequences and several melodies sounding at the same time, making modern counterpoint which is of great originality and intensity of expression." Its weakness, however, lies not in its length but its attempt to maintain the same introspective mood by the same musical and orchestral means. The second and third movements (there is no fourth) are based upon folkloristic material and abound in fast, dashing rhythms which the composer handles with consummate skill and which demonstrate his talent in orchestration. But a lack of integration is shown by the fact that when dealing with his own problems in the first movement, he develops an almost austere seriousness, while when he deals with the music of the people, he does so only in a humorous vein and his climax becomes merely an imitation of the village brass band. Quite naturally this symphony was at first received rather coolly in the Soviet Union. But in spite of its structural and musical weakness, it still shows a superior health and emotional depth over Stravinsky's work, a direction in which he continued in his now famous Seventh Symphony. We can only wish together with the people of the Soviet Union that Shostakovich will increasingly absorb the rich and soulful folk music of the past and the stirring Red Army songs of today, that he will integrate this heritage with his outstanding technical skill so that he can express more fully the hopes, tragedies, and victories of his own people. As Moussorgsky reflected the oppressed people of nineteenth century Russia, so will Shostakovich then reflect the life of the free peoples of Russia and the world.

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# WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

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There are other things on the New Masses griddle. For example, the remaining articles in foreign editor John Stuart's series reporting his recent visit in Mexico. The articles will include a discussion of "Mexico and the War," an interview with Anna Seghers, who is now living in Mexico, and other subjects.

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